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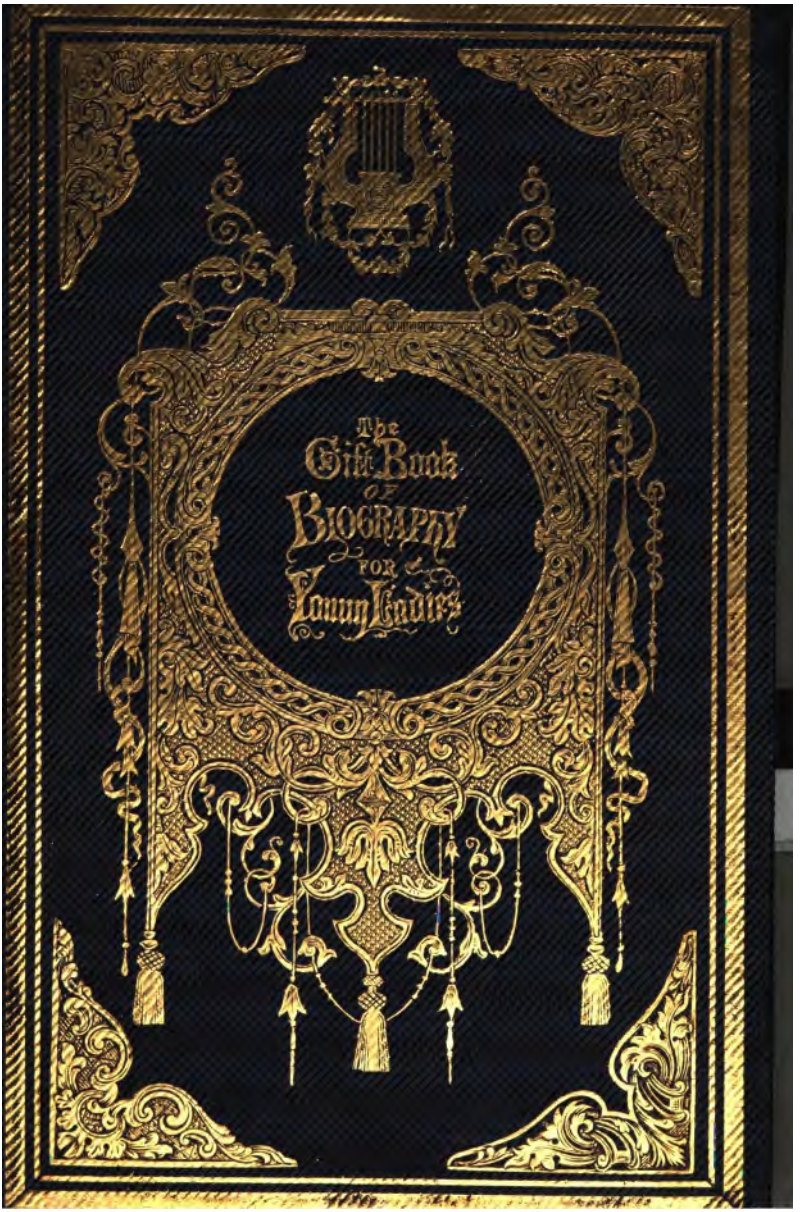
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The
Gift Book
OF
BIOGRAPHY
FOR
Young Ladies

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HEMANS.

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MDCCCXLIX.

PREFACE.

The following little Work has been written under the impression that Biography might be made the source of information and amusement, and at the same time arouse those finer faculties of our nature, which, without the excitement produced by emulation, may remain dormant for ever.

Circumstances apparently trivial often lead to the most important events in life; and in no respect can this observation be more justly applied than in reference to youth. The examples, the warnings, and the instructions, by which the mind is early trained in the paths of virtue and godliness, are treasures of infinitely greater value than all the good things of this life that wealth can purchase or generous friends bestow, with this view the following choice selection has been made, from the conviction that the noble examples it exhibits, are

peculiarly calculated, under the blessing of God, to induce the reader to strive to imitate such excellencies.

In the following narratives of feminine Biography the young reader will learn that no age or rank is exempt from the duties of active Christian benevolence, or shut out by circumstances from seeking the instruction and well-being of others. The Editor confidently offers them to the Christian parent as a series of examples of feminine graces and virtues, such as every pious mother would rejoice to see imitated by her own beloved children.

The Sketches of MADAME LAVATER, MRS FLAXMAN, MRS HOWARD, and CATHERINE DE BORA, are from the pen of Mrs L. Maria Child.

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BIOGRAPHY

FOR

YOUNG LADIES.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES

THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

THE life of this illustrious and amiable individual affords an evidence of the inability of rank and fortune to bestow happiness; it also illustrates the uncertain tenure of all earthly possessions, and the unforeseen vicissitudes to which we are subject.

This august princess was born on the 7th January 1796, and was the only child of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth. Her birth was hailed by the nation with the utmost demonstrations of joy; and, as the heiress-apparent to the crown of England, all the details concerning her infancy and childhood which reached the public ear, were sought after and received with the greatest possible interest.

Her earliest years were marked by evidences of superior intellectual ability; and those traits of character, by which she was at a maturer age so eminently distinguished, were easily discerned in her infantile days.

The dissensions and consequent separation of her royal parents caused her to be consigned to the care of her mother only until she had attained her eighth year; and as the Princess of Wales led then a very *retired life, little* Charlotte occupied the principal

portion of her time, and their mutual affection became firmly cemented.

To those who are accustomed to train the minds of the young, the importance of properly directing the powers of the mind at a tender age will be readily admitted. The Princess Charlotte derived the benefit of this attention, and appeared to be early imbued with a sense of religion, as manifested by her conduct towards a reverend divine. The Bishop of London (the late excellent Dr Porteus) paid her mamma a visit, during which the little Princess repeated to him several hymns in a very correct and proper manner; and, without being told to make the request, as the Bishop was taking leave, she knelt and begged his blessing.

But as soon as this sweet girl was capable of understanding the situation of her parents with regard to each other, her little heart participated in the sorrows of her mother, without losing that respect with which she had been taught to regard her father; she felt every indignity which the former sustained, and eagerly sought to trace its origin unconnected with that personage, whom she felt it her duty to reverence. Thus was her sympathy excited, and an alloy mingled with the happiness of her childhood.

The exercise of charity was strongly enjoined in her mother's precepts, and the disposition of the little Princess inclined her much to its practice. One morning, accompanied by a single attendant, she was taking her accustomed walk, when she saw a poor ragged boy sitting under a hedge, crying from the *pain of a wound* which he had in one of his hands.

The Princess Charlotte went to him, and inquired the cause of his grief. He shewed her the wound, from which he was suffering much on account of its exposure to the cold air. Without any hesitation the dear child immediately took her handkerchief, and was wrapping it round the boy's hand when her attendant interfered, apprehensive that injurious consequences might ensue.—"No harm can happen to me," replied little Charlotte; "have I not read in my bible, that He who was greater than any earthly king, healed the wounds of the leper; and shall I not then follow his example, and bind the wounds of this poor boy?" What promise was here displayed of real greatness! Far from being reproved, her conduct, in thus so nobly imitating the great Pattern of perfection set for our example, ought to have procured for her the highest commendations; it afforded an opportunity of pointing out to her, that she was then, in an humble manner, imitating Christ, by administering assistance; that she was quite correct in her opinion that it was her duty to copy Him whenever she could do so; for that real superiority consisted in goodness.

The character of the Princess was marked by strong enthusiasm. She never qualified her opinion, but stated it boldly, unmindful of consequences. Sarcasm was occasionally mingled with her observations; and when reproved once for this fault, she said, "Reprove me if I tell a falsehood, but not for speaking the truth."

When *arrived at* a proper age, his Majesty (who *is, by the law of England*, the guardian of infants,

and of course more particularly so of his granddaughter, and the heiress-presumptive of his crown) appointed the Bishop of Exeter as her private tutor; the Rev. Dr Nott acted as sub-preceptor; and Lady De Clifford received the important situation of governess. The utmost attention was paid to instruct her in the principles of the Christian religion, and to instil into her mind an ardent attachment to the principles of national liberty. She often expressed her satisfaction at the religious toleration enjoyed in England, as she was too enlightened to be a bigot to her own form of worship, and considered virtue and true piety to be the sole rule of conduct, and the criterion of character.

Her studies were urged with every possible assiduity, consistent with a proper regard to health. The day's tuition usually began at six in the morning, and continued, with slight intermission, until the evening. Her acquirements extended to foreign and classical literature, as well as to that of her own country. She was conversant in the French, Italian, German, and Spanish languages; and performed on the piano, harp, and guitar, with more than usual skill. Her voice was sweet; and she sung with taste and judgment, as her ear was very good, and her powers of execution brilliant.

At a party one evening the Princess sung and played; but, from some cause or other not known, she felt conscious that she had performed very badly. Every body present applauded her. More disgusted than pleased at receiving praise that she knew to be *unmerited, she* turned to her instructor, who hap-

pened to be present, and asked his opinion. This gentleman, who was a foreigner, not now in England, replied, that her Royal Highness had sung delightfully, and played charmingly. The Princess made no answer to his encomiums, and the conversation took another turn. On the following day the preceptor called to give a music lesson to his royal pupil; but one of the household was commissioned to pay him, and at the same time to inform him, that the Princess Charlotte declined receiving further instructions from a person mean enough to flatter her against his reason, and who had not sufficient candour to tell her when she performed badly.

Drawing was among her favourite pursuits; and in the retirement of Claremont after her marriage it occupied many of the hours which she passed in the society of her husband. In all her studies the Princess paid particular attention to those which were likely to be most useful to her exalted rank; and it would be well if her example in this particular were more generally followed. We should not then see girls devoting their time to the acquirement of accomplishments unsuitable to their stations, and which tend very often to give them a disrelish for those occupations to which their circumstances require their attention.

The Princess enjoyed at Bognor, where she generally passed the autumn, much liberation from the etiquette to which she was subject in the metropolis. Simply dressed, she would go to Richardson's, the baker, about the time when she knew his buns were *ready, and, entering* the shop, would sit and talk to

the worthy man about his business, as if she took an active interest in his concerns. She took much pleasure in strolling on the beach, and in one of her rambles her attention was excited by some pieces of wood, on which a kind of metal, bright as gold, was incrusted, and formed into configurations similar to metallic ores in their crude state. On searching further, a quantity of this apparently natural phenomenon was discovered; and two labourers were procured, who in a short time obtained some beautiful specimens, which her Royal Highness carried home with her. Two guineas were commanded to be given to these men, but as no money ever reached them, they thought that the Princess had acted very shabbily, and they expressed their sentiments freely, denouncing her as mean and pitiful. Soon after the wife of one of these labourers was ill, and the Princess hearing of it, directed that she should be supplied with certain comforts. When the bearer of her bounty had delivered the royal gift, the woman said, "I will maintain that she is a Princess—and God bless her for ever."—"And who says that her Royal Highness is not a Princess?" demanded the messenger.—"Why," replied the woman, "when my husband and his fellow-workman digged those queer things out of the ground for her, she did not so much as give them a sup of beer."—"To my certain knowledge," replied the messenger, "her Highness commanded two guineas to be given to them."—"They never received one farthing, I assure you," said the woman. The whole particulars of this affair were communicated to the Princess; an investigation ensued; and

the culprit, who had kept the money for his own use, was disgracefully dismissed from the household. The poor men received the reward intended for them, and, of course, extolled the Princess as a pattern of excellence.

During her residence at Bognor, the jubilee in honour of his Majesty, her grandfather, was celebrated, as he had reigned fifty years over the British nation. In commemoration of this event, a school was established for the education of poor children, of which her Royal Highness became the patroness. Under her auspices and exertions the jubilee school flourished many years, and was of great benefit to that class of society in the neighbourhood who were unable to pay for schooling for their children.

The Princess Charlotte's mother had for many years lived in retirement at Blackheath. The King frequently visited her, and much regretted the disunion that existed between the Prince and Princess. Reports were circulated respecting the Princess by her enemies, very injurious to her character; but as they never could be proved, that is a sufficient demonstration of their falsehood. However, the Prince of Wales thought proper to lay severe restrictions upon the intercourse of his wife and daughter: they were only allowed to see each other once a week, and then under such restrictions as were very mortifying to both. The Princess Charlotte had lived with her mother entirely until she was eight years of age, and loved her most dearly. Judge, then, what must have been her *grief* at not being allowed to see and *converse with her* freely and often, as she had always

been accustomed to do. You, my dear young friends, have no affliction so heavy as this. If you separate from your parents, you know that at a certain time you shall see them again; that you can then tell them all your thoughts, and ask their advice; and that your separation is only temporary. Thus you see how much happier you are than was the Princess Charlotte.

When the Princess was in her seventeenth year, her governess, Lady de Clifford, resigned her situation, and the Princess thought herself old enough to dispense with the appointment of another. But to this proposition her father would not consent; and the Dowager-Duchess of Leeds consented to accept the office. This royal young lady was secluded from all cheerful society with young people of her own age; for what reason this restriction was imposed is not known, but most probably it was to prevent communication with her mother. Certain it is, that she once wished to enter into a correspondence with a nobleman's daughter, which was not permitted, although the father of the young lady was of the ministerial party.

In 1813, a grand drawing-room was held in celebration of her Majesty's birth-day, when it was expected that the Princess Charlotte would be presented. The Princess was ready, and partook of refreshments with the royal family previous to entering the drawing-room; but when she found that her mother was not to present her, but that the Duchess of York was to be her substitute, she firmly declared that no other *person than her mo*ther should present her. No ar-

guments were of any avail; she persisted in her determination; and as the Princess of Wales was not allowed to undertake the ceremony, although she attended the drawing-room, the Princess Charlotte would not make her appearance.

This conduct only served to increase the severity exercised upon the affections of the mother and daughter; for, soon after, the former received official communication, stating that by command of the Prince, the Princess was not in future to visit her daughter. Thus deprived wholly of her child's society, deprived of the privileges of her rank, and treated with unmerited neglect, the Princess of Wales resolved to leave the kingdom, to divert her chagrin by viewing foreign climes. She communicated her intentions by letter. to Lord Liverpool, in which she made a few requests relative to domestic arrangements. Her Highness mentioned in her epistle to his Lordship, the loss which she sustained from his Majesty's protracted illness; that, deprived of his countenance and support, and of the pleasure of visiting the Princess Charlotte, her situation had become too painful for endurance. To all her requests a ready compliance was granted in Lord Liverpool's reply, and preparations made for her embarkation.

It was understood that the Princess Charlotte was destined to become the wife of the Prince of Orange, who had been educated in England, and was on that account, as well as for political reasons, a very appropriate consort. The Princess of Wales was *averse to the union*, as she knew that his Royal

Highness was entirely conformable to the Prince Regent, and that, consequently, no amelioration of the restrictions imposed upon her was to be expected from him.

When she had completed her eighteenth year, the Princess Charlotte made her appearance at Court for the first time. Her Royal Highness wore a petticoat of rich white satin, bordered with a wreath of silver laurel leaves and white roses; her train was of rich striped and figured silver blonde lace, ornamented with beautiful diamonds. She had a drapery over her petticoat of patent lace, in silver lama, ornamented with wreaths of silver cord and tassels; her headdress was a profusion of beautiful diamonds and ostrich feathers. When she left the drawing-room, the Prince of Orange handed her Royal Highness to her carriage.

But though the Princess was attired in all the splendour which ingenuity could devise, and wealth obtain, yet when she cast her eyes on the gorgeous scene which the drawing-room displayed, filled with the nobility of England magnificently adorned, her heart felt a pang which threw a gloom over her countenance. There was a vacant place which ought to have been filled; why was it unoccupied? No satisfactory reason could be assigned in reply; and the noble Princess felt disgust at a scene which so strongly reminded her of injustice. The studied congratulations and compliments of the fawning crowd did not afford her a moment's satisfaction; she was glad when the pageantry was over, that she might

pour out the sorrows of her heart to that God to whom she looked for succour and support.

It is not surprising that the Princess always expressed a disinclination to partake of public pleasures: the thought must have constantly occupied her mind—"From all this my mother is excluded." This idea must have destroyed enjoyment, and converted mirth and cheerfulness into corroding vexation.

The marriage of the Princess Charlotte with the Prince of Orange was considered by the nation as a settled affair, when it was unexpectedly stated that the Princess had declined completing the engagement. It appears that, in a conversation between the royal pair, the Princess inquired of the Prince what line of conduct would be required of her with regard to her mother in the event of their union. The Prince replied, that as far as her visits to her mother extended, they would be allowed, but that the Princess of Wales should never enter the house of the Prince of Orange. "Then," said the Princess Charlotte, rising indignantly from her chair, "never will the Princess Charlotte of Wales be the wife of the Prince of Orange." Soon after the rejected suitor left London, and embarked for his native country, after having vainly endeavoured to persuade the Princess to change her resolution.

About this time the allied sovereigns visited England, which attracted to this country a number of foreigners of distinction, and among them was Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg. The Princess Charlotte first met him at the Duchess of Oldenburgh's, where

she was paying a morning visit, and was much pleased with his manners and address; a further acquaintance justified her prepossessions, and laid the foundation of that attachment which led to their union.

The Prince Regent was highly displeased at the Princess Charlotte's refusing to accept the hand of the Prince of Orange, and much altercation ensued in consequence. It was known that the persons who composed the household of the Princess were all attached to her unfortunate mother, and whether it was to prevent their future influence over the mind of his daughter, or for some other cause, is not decidedly known; but on the 12th July the Prince repaired to Warwick House, the Princess's residence, and told her that he was come to dismiss her establishment, as she must for the present take up her abode at Carlton House. Strong expostulation ensued on the part of the Princess, but her father was inflexible; he had actually brought with him other ladies to attend the Princess, whom he wished immediately to introduce to her. She requested to be allowed to retire for a short time to compose her spirits previous to the introduction, which was granted.

Her Royal Highness retired. Terrified, and in an agony of despair, she privately left her house, and getting into a hackney coach in Cockspur Street, desired the driver to take her as fast as possible to Connaught House, the residence of her mother.

The Princess of Wales was not at home; but the steward instantly dispatched a messenger, who met *her returning to* Black Heath, and delivered to her a

note, written by the Princess Charlotte, communicating the affair. The Princess of Wales immediately drove to the Parliament House, but neither Earl Grey nor Mr Whitbread, whom she wished to see, were there. She then came to her own residence, where her daughter communicated to her the particulars of the strange proceeding that had been adopted. As soon as the Prince Regent discovered the flight of the Princess, he sent for his ministers to consult them respecting the measures proper to be pursued. A council was held at Carlton House in consequence, and also at the Foreign Office. The first step taken was to send the Bishop of Salisbury to remonstrate with the Princess Charlotte; and soon after, the Duke of York arrived, and presented the Princess with a written command from her father to bring her to Carlton House. Mr. Brougham had been sent for to Connaught Place, and, before the arrival of her uncle, he told the Princess that by the laws of the land she must obey her father's commands. The Duke assured her that she should not be subject to any confinement, nor be treated with that severity which she apprehended, but that obedience to the mandate which he brought could not be dispensed with. Most unwillingly did the Princess obey this order, which she found herself unable to dispute; and about three o'clock on Wednesday the 13th, she accompanied her uncle to Carlton House. That this extraordinary circumstance should be the general topic of conversation may be easily imagined. It was universally considered that the Princess *must* have sustained very great seve-

rity to induce her to such a proceeding, and very severe animadversions were passed upon the Prince Regent in consequence.

In the mean time the Princess suffered great deprivations; all her letters were stopped, and she was not allowed to see any person who was not of the Regent's party. Her uncle the Duke of Sussex was refused admittance, and her situation was therefore discussed in the House of Lords, but no result of importance ensued.

The time was now arrived for the departure of the Princess of Wales; and her daughter was in the greatest distress at the prospect of the separation. She was allowed to spend a day with her mother, for the purpose of taking leave of her; but not in that private manner which would have been most gratifying to their feelings;—no, but with her ladies in waiting in full attendance, and with the Regent's footmen as outriders. They passed the day together in dejection of spirits, occasionally dissipated by anticipations of the future. Could they have foreseen that they were to meet no more upon earth, and that this was a final parting, what would have been their anguish! How kindly is the future hidden from us, that it may not embitter the present scene. When they were at last obliged to say farewell, the Princess of Wales said to her daughter, "Look not, my beloved Charlotte, for consolation under your afflictions from the hands of men; that relief is only temporary and unsubstantial—it passeth away like a shadow, leaving no trace behind. But let your appeal be always to your God; he hears

the cries of the sufferer, and heals the wounds of the breaking heart. In prayer his Spirit will descend upon you, and, full of faith in his unchangeable goodness, you will reap a rich reward of earthly happiness."

The Princess Charlotte confided to her mother's care a letter for Prince Leopold, containing an assurance of the continuation of that attachment which had been mutually acknowledged during the Prince's residence in England.

A tedious monotony now marked the days of the Princess Charlotte, and had it not been for the resources of her own fine mind, the wearisomeness of it would have been enhanced. Morning rides and visits, and evening parties with people for whose society she had no relish, occupied her time. But her private hours were to her a solace; for then she found enjoyment of various kinds, among which religious duties were not forgotten. On a Sunday evening she would assemble her attendants around her, and read to them a sermon; she would close the evening with an anthem, and then retire to rest with that tranquillity which ever attends an approving conscience. No enjoyments arising from luxury or dissipation, no prospect of worldly pleasure or selfish indulgence, could induce her to neglect what she considered her duty. She knew that in this life, when we are pursuing a right course, we are often called upon to sacrifice inclination; and though many would have thought that her exalted rank would have exposed her less to this trial than others, the peculiarities of her situation perpetually required the offering.

The Princess regularly corresponded with her mother, as well as with Prince Leopold, which tended much to her comfort and happiness.

In the autumn of 1816 her Royal Highness went to Weymouth; and during her residence there she frequently took excursions in her yacht. One day when taking a sail, the Leviathan of seventy-four guns being under sail, brought to, and fired a salute to the royal standard, flying from the yacht. The Leviathan was commanded by Captain Nixon, who immediately rowed on board the yacht to pay his respects to the Princess. Her Royal Highness received him on deck; and after the usual ceremonies, she expressed a wish to go on board his vessel. This the Bishop of Salisbury, who was with the Princess, opposed; for he thought that it might not be approved of by her father for her to venture in an open boat, as the water was very rough. The Princess was resolved; and turning to Captain Nixon, she said, "Have the goodness to receive me in your barge, for I am determined to inspect your vessel." The necessary preparations were made; and her Royal Highness, accompanied by the Bishop and two ladies who were in attendance, entered the barge. Soon after they were seated, the spray dashed upon them, much to the amusement of the Princess, who laughed heartily at the ludicrous faces made by the ladies. When on board of the Leviathan, the ship's officers were all introduced, and the freedom and amiability of her Highness's manners delighted the gallant seamen extremely. The surprise of the Princess at the *size and strength* of the ship was very great, and she

exclaimed, "Well may such noble structures be called 'The Wooden Walls' of Old England." She would inspect the whole of the vessel, and actually visited not only the berths, but the cock-pit, powder-magazine, storeholds, &c., and, on her return upon deck, expressed the great gratification she had derived. She thanked Captain Nixon and his officers for their polite attentions in the most courteous terms. She then gave a purse to the Captain, desiring it to be distributed among the ship's crew as a token of her respect for them; and left the vessel under a royal salute, and the still more gratifying cheers of the sailors.

It had been rumoured for some time that the Princess Charlotte was soon to be married. There were frequent and long sittings of the Cabinet, which were known to have reference to her Highness; but at last the mystery was solved. Mr Vick was dispatched by Sir Charles Stewart to invite Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg Saalfeld to England, to receive in marriage the hand of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. On the 20th of February his Highness landed at Dover, where the people assembled in crowds to receive him, and expressed their joy by universal and animated cheers. The Prince immediately repaired to London, and took up his residence at the Clarendon Hotel, where he was engaged the principal part of the next day in receiving visits. Lord Castlereagh being informed of his arrival, hastened to pay his respects, and dispatched a messenger to Brighton to communicate to the Prince Regent *that Prince* Leopold was in London. An invi-

tation was quickly sent to his Serene Highness, requesting him to repair to Brighton, which he lost no time in accepting. There he was received by all ranks with that enthusiastic approbation which must have been most gratifying to his feelings, as evincing plainly how heartily he was welcomed by the English nation. A few days after, her Majesty, accompanied by her grand-daughter and the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary, left Windsor to join the royal party at the Pavilion, where the introduction in form was to take place between the royal couple.

During the residence of the illustrious party at Brighton, many preliminaries were arranged relative to the intended marriage; among others, orders were issued for selecting a suitable mansion for their abode, and after much difficulty, Camelford House was chosen as the most eligible of any that could be procured.

In the meantime Prince Leopold remained at the Pavilion, where by the affability of his manners and unassuming deportment, he ingratiated himself with all ranks.

One day he was walking in the vicinity of the West Cliff when a violent storm of lightning and hail came on. To avoid the tempest he took refuge at a small inn, and seating himself, began to read the newspaper. The landlord did not know him, and expected every moment that some of the good things of his house would be called for; but seeing that the gentleman was not disposed to consider any remuneration requisite for the shelter afforded him, the good *man of the house* thought that he would give him a

gentle hint that he was not quite of the same opinion. He accordingly approached, and requested to know what the gentleman would please to take. "Nothing," was the reply. "Humph!" said the landlord, in a muttering tone, "if all my guests were like you, I should get but a sorry living." Two gentlemen entered soon after who recognised the Prince, and saluted him in the most respectful manner. Their politeness was returned with the utmost condescension; and the landlord soon learned the rank of him whom he had just been talking of to his wife as a very shabby fellow. A scene of confusion ensued; the host prepared an apology, which he stammered out to his Highness. When the tempest had subsided, Prince Leopold left the inn, giving the landlord a handsome gratuity for his accommodation, which had the magical effect of making him appear in the eyes of the innkeeper every inch a prince.

Soon after the royal party left Brighton for their respective residences: the Prince of Saxe Coburg repaired to the Stud House in Hampton Park, where he was to remain until his nuptials. As it was the united wish of their Highnesses to have a country seat, Claremont, situated at a short distance from Esher, had been selected for them. It was well adapted for the purpose, as the house was commodious, and the grounds afforded ample scope for the exercise of the excellent taste of the Princess, in erecting ornamental buildings, and devising other improvements.

On the 10*th* April 1816, Mr Philips, who had *been appointed* steward to the household of the

Princess Charlotte, took possession of Camelford House; and every requisite exertion was used to render it a suitable residence for the illustrious couple. The arrangements were completed in accordance with the state that the requirements of society rendered necessary. Yet even in this ceremonial conformity to the laws of fashionable life, the retiring virtues of the excellent Princess were manifested in the rejection of all that was calculated to convey any unnecessary appearance of pomp.

Official notice was now sent to the foreign ambassadors and other distinguished personages, that the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg would take place on the 2d of May.

The public were now all anticipation; and many were the weddings that were postponed for the purpose of being celebrated on the same day as the Princess Charlotte's. It has been computed that seven hundred and seventy-four couples were united on that day.

Much form and ceremony occupied the time preceding the marriage, in compliance with court etiquette; congratulatory compliments were to be received, and formal introductions to take place. At last the happy day arrived; and from the first dawn of morning the streets leading to the royal residences were crowded.

Prince Leopold was at Clarence House, around which there was an excessive crowd, who, by their cheers and other marks of applause, testified their *impatience* for a sight of the bridegroom. His

Highness had the kindness to come out upon the balcony, where, with the utmost good humour, he remained, bowing to the people until their curiosity was sufficiently gratified. This he repeated the greater part of the morning; for when one crowd dispersed, another assembled, who by their clamours gave intimation that they expected a repetition of his condescension, which was cheerfully vouchsafed, and the Prince was amply repaid by the testimonials of joy and satisfaction evinced. About two o'clock his Highness went to pay a morning visit to the Princess Charlotte at Carlton House, where there was such an assemblage of people that the footmen had the utmost difficulty in making way for the Prince. The Princess Charlotte dined with the Queen and Princesses at Buckingham House; and Prince Leopold at his own residence with a select party of gentlemen. The Princess Charlotte dressed at Buckingham House, and about half-past seven, accompanied by the Queen and Princesses, repaired to Carlton House. The crowd that attended the carriages exceeded all description; the Princess exclaimed aloud, "What a crowd!" The royal party were escorted by life-guards, whose attendance was very requisite, for the people followed the carriages, cheering the Princess most vociferously. With the Prince it was quite a ludicrous scene; for several of the women approached, and not satisfied with the usual testimonies of congratulation, gave him a pat on the back, as a proof of their approval, while he was entering and alighting from his carriage. His Serene Highness wore a full British

uniform, decorated with the insignia of the Hanoverian order of the Guelphs. He also wore the emblems of knighthood of Saxony, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Denmark; his sword and belt were magnificently ornamented with diamonds, and studded with various gems. The populace wished to take off the horses and draw him to the palace, but were dissuaded from it by the attendants. As soon as he entered the colonnade, the band played "God save the king;" as they also had done on the arrival of the other royal personages.

The marriage was celebrated in the grand crimson saloon at Carlton House, which was fitted up suitably for the occasion. When the company were all assembled except the bride and bridegroom, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was ready to commence the ceremony, the Lord Chamberlain left the room, and returning with Prince Leopold, conducted him to the altar. His Lordship then went for the Princess Charlotte, who entered leaning on the arm of her uncle, the Duke of Clarence. The Princess wore a slip of white and silver atlas, with a dress of transparent silk net, elegantly embroidered in silver lama, trimmed with Brussels point lace. The train was two yards and a half long, made of rich silver and white atlas, trimmed like the dress. Her Royal Highness advanced steadily to the altar, and went through the ceremony with great firmness; but Prince Leopold evinced much diffidence, and was not so distinctly heard as the Princess. On the termination of the ceremony, the Princess embraced

her father, kissed the Queen's hand, and kissed her aunts; she then shook hands with her uncles, and left the room arm in arm with the Prince.

The Tower guns now began to fire—those in St James's Park joined them, and thus the public were informed by their stentorian voices that the auspicious event was over. The Princess changed her dress for a rich white silk, trimmed with point lace, over which she wore a white satin pelisse, trimmed with broad ermine. The royal pair left Carlton House for Oatlands (the seat of the Duke of York) about eleven o'clock.

Numerous were the entertainments given to celebrate this event; it was a day of universal joy throughout the kingdom; no one anticipating the sad reverse which was so soon to follow.

The Prince and Princess took possession of their residence at Camelford House upon their return to town, and had to go through a great deal of irksome form and ceremony in receiving addresses, &c.

Camelford House was found to be a very unsuitable abode for the Prince and Princess; and consequently the whole of the royal establishment left it, at the expiration of a few months, to accompany their royal master and mistress to Claremont.

Here the Princess enjoyed that tranquillity and freedom which she had always been desirous of adopting as her course of life, without ever before having been able to pursue it. A country abode leads to contemplation, and contemplation points to nature's God; whose magnificent and stupendous attributes, when dwelt upon in reflection, tend to

arouse in every mind gratitude for his mercies, and a humble dependence on his future aid. These feelings are beneficial even where religion is wanting, and strengthen the principle where it is already implanted. The Princess seemed at Claremont as happy as mortality is permitted to be. Her time was passed in attending to her flowers, directing improvements in the grounds, and in riding and walking with the Prince. Occasional visits from the different members of the royal family and other friends diversified the scene, and added to its charms.

From her first arrival in the country the Princess seemed to have divested herself of royalty, and to have assumed the character of a private lady. Her dress was generally of muslin, with a pelisse and straw bonnet; and from the simplicity of style in her attire, she was often accosted without her rank being suspected. Her charities in the neighbourhood were very extensive, and many a poor family had personal cause for grief when she was taken away. There were several of the old servants of the late possessor of Claremont who occupied little tenements in the park, but who did not expect to be permitted to retain their situations under a prince and princess. In this they were mistaken; the new inhabitants were very desirous of adding to the comforts of the dependents, but not of diminishing them.

An old woman nearly blind with age kept a little school in one of the lodges, her husband being a shepherd on the estate. They were preparing to re*move, not imagining* it probable that they should be





PRINCESS CHARLOTTE VISITING THE OLD WOMAN'S SCHOOL AT CLAREMONT.

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allowed to remain and continue their occupation; but the Princess hearing of the circumstance, sent a message to them, desiring them to stay where they were; and often when her Royal Highness passed by she would peep into the school, and exclaim with a smile, "Happy little creatures!"

During the residence of the Princess at Claremont, a beautiful India shawl had been seized by the custom-house officers which was intended for the Marchioness of H., and which was valued at 3000 guineas. It was chiefly composed of pearls, and being so splendid, was sent for sale to the Princess Charlotte. "In the first place," replied her Highness, "I cannot afford the money; and in the second, I never will connive at an infraction of the laws of my country; therefore I decline the purchase." A beautiful French lace cap was once rejected by the Princess, purely from its being made of foreign materials. She thought it her duty to patronise the manufactures of her own country, at a time when she knew that the money thus spent might be the means of extending comfort and happiness to many poor families in her native land. Well would it be if our grandees would give in the present day similar proofs of their regard for the welfare of their country.

As the Princess's confinement was now hourly in expectation, every necessary preparation was made. The horses were kept saddled night and day for the purpose of conveying the expresses to the different Cabinet ministers; and as the health of the Princess *continued excellent*, no apprehension of the fatal re-

sult that ensued was entertained. Her Royal Highness declined receiving visits from any except her own near relatives; and generally passed her time in her own apartments, in company with a confidential friend; yet she still continued her accustomed airings, accompanied invariably by the Prince.

Sir Richard Croft and Dr Baillie were both at Claremont; the former of whom had been in attendance for upwards of three weeks.

About three o'clock on Tuesday morning the Princess was taken ill. Expresses were sent off for all the great officers of state, whose duty it was to be present; and so expeditiously did they obey the summons, that they were at Claremont in less than five hours.

Sir Richard Croft thought proper to send for Dr John Sims, who came immediately, and gave the benefit of his advice on the occasion.

About nine o'clock on Wednesday evening it was announced that the Princess had a son, still-born. The vexation occasioned by this disappointment was in a degree assuaged by the information that the mother was doing well. About twelve o'clock the Princess became restless and uneasy, complained of being chilly, and of a pain at her chest. She had much difficulty in swallowing some gruel, and expressed her disgust at the sight of it. The medical attendants became alarmed; the Prince was immediately summoned, and was soon at the bed-side of his beloved consort. These unfavourable symptoms rapidly increased; there was great difficulty in respiration; and the doctors could no longer conceal their

apprehensions. It was thought proper to send dispatches to the Cabinet ministers, conveying their unfavourable report.

Prince Leopold's distress was excessive, although the Princess did all she could to soothe and comfort him. She gave him the strongest assurances of hope, but yet expressed her resignation to the will of Heaven. Her eyes, it is said, scarcely ever moved from his face, and she extended her hand to meet his; even in the state of exhaustion to which she was reduced, solicitude for him seemed wholly to engage her.

About five minutes before her death, the Princess asked her medical attendants if there was any danger? Their answer was an entreaty that she would compose herself.—"I understand your meaning," she replied; "I have a request to make, and I beg it may be put in writing." She then expressed a desire that Prince Leopold might, after his decease, be laid by her side, and that etiquette in this particular might be dispensed with.

In the utterance of this request her last words were expended; she spoke no more. A solemn heart-rending silence followed, unbroken but by the occasional faint murmuring sound of grief, which some of the attendants could not wholly suppress. The dimness of death was creeping over the sight of the dying Princess; the power of articulation was gone; yet her eyes remained fixed on the countenance of her beloved Leopold, who hung over her in inexpressible agony.

In her last pangs, when all earthly scenes were

about to close upon her for ever, the Princess caught the hand of her husband with the convulsive grasp of death. Her head fell on her bosom, and with one gentle sigh she expired.

Prince Leopold's feelings and distraction may be imagined. Scarcely could he believe that she was actually gone: he felt as if it were a delusion, and that he could not in reality have met with such a sad and sudden change, as to be thrown from the enjoyment of the greatest happiness into such an abyss of unforeseen wretchedness.

Information of this melancholy event was dispatched in various directions; and never was grief more generally displayed than on this occasion. All the theatres were shut; preparations for the rejoicings on Lord Mayor's day were stopped, and all the shop windows partially closed.

The mental sufferings of Prince Leopold were so acute as to occasion great concern; he spoke but little, and passed the most restless nights. An express was sent for his particular friend, Lord Lauderdale; on whose arrival the Prince threw himself into his arms, and burst into an agony of tears. The society of this nobleman contributed much to restore composure to the Prince. All the royal family were plunged into the deepest affliction, and serious apprehensions were entertained respecting the effect on the Prince Regent, so severely did he feel the loss of his amiable daughter. He ordered a portrait of her, which Sir Thomas Laurence had not yet finished, to be sent for; it was placed by his command in the *room in which* he usually sat, and his whole pleasure

seemed to be centred in the contemplation of its lineaments.

The arrangements for the interment of the Princess and her infant son, were characterized by all the costly state that usually attends on royal obsequies. When Prince Leopold learned that the Princess had been embalmed, it considerably augmented his distress, as he disapproved of the custom, which is not practised on the continent.

It was arranged that the remains of the Princess should leave Claremont for interment at Windsor on the 18th of November.

About five in the evening the coffin was placed in the hearse, which was drawn by eight black horses. A mourning coach followed with six black horses, containing the infant and an urn, in which was the heart of the Princess. Another coach succeeded with Prince Leopold, whose distress at this moment was most agonizing to behold. The attendants followed in mourning coaches drawn by four horses; and an escort of the 10th Hussars closed the procession. Silence prevailed, uninterrupted but by the deep sighs of those present. Spectators were admitted into the park; but such was the awe and grief with which they were affected, that not the least noise denoted their presence. The bells of the different towns and villages from Claremont to Windsor tolled in sad sounds, and added to the solemnity of the scene.

At a little before two the procession entered Windsor, where it was received at the Lower Lodge by

the third regiment of foot-guards. The coach containing the infant and the urn drove to the chapel, where it was properly received, and the coffin and urn placed in the cemetery on a shelf, previous to being placed on the Princess's coffin.

The room in which the corpse lay was hung with black, and the adjoining one was fitted up in a style of state. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall, with a broad white border reaching to the ground; and at the head of it was placed the Princess's coronet, over which, against the wall, was a large silk escutcheon. The room was lighted with wax candles; but various causes prevented the admission of the public generally for viewing the sad scene.

Prince Leopold expressed his determination to sit up all night with the corpse; and it was with difficulty that he was prevailed upon to retire for a very short period of time: he visited it during the night, and again at eight in the morning.

At eight in the following evening the coffin was again placed in the hearse and conveyed to the chapel. Prince Leopold, with two attendants in a mourning coach, followed, and a train of empty carriages closed the procession.

The lower division of the chapel was lined with military, bearing flambeaux. Upon entering the choir the body was placed upon a platform; and Prince Leopold, in a long black cloak, sat at the head of the corpse, with the Dukes of York and Clarence, in similar cloaks, as his supporters, on each *side of him.* After the service and the anthem, the

body was slowly lowered into the vault, during which, as it gradually sunk from the eyes of Prince Leopold, his grief became alarming: he struggled to overcome his feelings, and partially succeeded. The office for the dead was then concluded in a very impressive manner; after which Sir Isaac Heard proclaimed the style of her late Royal Highness, which terminated the ceremony.

Prince Leopold departed immediately for Claremont, accompanied by Dr Short, where he indulged in all the bitterness of grief. The cloak and bonnet which the Princess wore the last time that she walked out had been placed by her own hands on a screen in their usual sitting room; there they remained for a considerable time by the Prince's command, as he had a melancholy pleasure in looking at them. The Princess's watch long continued on the mantle-piece in precisely the same situation in which she herself had placed it, as Prince Leopold would not allow it to be removed. All the Prince's friends united with the royal family in efforts to abstract him from the contemplation of these melancholy objects of his departed happiness; and at last change of scene was resolved upon, and his Serene Highness repaired to Weymouth, where he in some degree recovered his tranquillity. Time produced its usual consolatory effects; and though Prince Leopold will, doubtless, ever remember the Princess Charlotte with feelings of gratitude and affection, yet Divine Providence enabled him to submit with resignation to its decrees, and gradually to regain his usual serenity.



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MRS JAMES FORDYCE.

Miss Cummyng and her brother were the only surviving children of their parents, and were left orphans in their early youth. Their father was descended from a noble and ancient Scotch family distinguished in history, some of whose members were eminent for their virtues. This gentleman indulged his taste and inclinations, unmindful of prudence, and left his widow and her two children with very limited means of support.

Mrs Cummyng was a superior character—her judgment was excellent, and her mind highly cultivated; but unfortunately Henrietta and her brother were deprived by death of their inestimable mother before the former had completed her tenth year. The education of her daughter had been most assiduously attended to by Mrs C. She knew the importance of first impressions, and she carefully implanted in her young mind the finest principles, pointing out to her their emanation from Christianity. Learning, instead of being made a task, Henrietta was taught to consider as a privilege. In the mind of the little girl rectitude seemed innate; and the happy manner in which *she received her* mother's instructions, and fol-

lowed all her precepts, gave the fairest promise of her future excellence.

On the death of her beloved mamma, Miss Fordyce was consigned to the care of Mrs Baron Muir, to whom she was related. This amiable and accomplished lady's opinions respecting the education of her little charge were in perfect accordance with those of her own departed parent, and consequently the same judicious plans were continued. In music she excelled, particularly in singing; and for drawing she displayed decided talent. She wrote poetry with great ease and elegance; and her verses possess a gaiety and wit which mingle to delight, but not to wound—for no satire ever flowed from her pen. In works of fancy few could excel Miss Cummyng. Ornamental decorations for the boudoir or drawing-room were no sooner seen than they were imitated, and generally surpassed by her dextrous fingers. But these are only minor qualities, that claim merely our admiration; in addition to which Henrietta possessed those of first-rate excellence, which command and secure esteem. Her piety was sound, unobtrusive, and practical; her principles firm and correct; and her charity was such that it protected her from all illiberal remarks, and caused her to preserve her friends through life.

Henrietta's property was very trifling; yet such was her economy and excellent management, that she was able to retain in her service an old attached servant who had nursed her in her infancy; and in order to benefit this person, and to assist her in supporting an aged father, she instructed her in various

fancy works, and allowed her to devote a portion of her time in making and selling them for her own and parent's benefit.

At the decease of Mrs Baron Muir, Miss Cummyng was invited by the Countess of Balcarras to reside with her. This lady had three daughters some years younger than Miss C., to whom she hoped that her young friend would prove beneficial, as affording a fine model for imitation. Her Ladyship considered also that Miss Cummyng's youth required a protection which it would be in her power to supply, while her amiable qualities and talents would considerably increase her own domestic happiness. The invitation was accepted; and a similarity of tastes and sentiments caused it to be the bond of a union which was broken only by death.

Lady A. L. Balcarras was the decided favourite of her mother, and, as is the usual fate of favourites, sunk in the estimation of others. Certain it is that she was the least beloved of the three sisters by Miss Cummyng, as there were no points in which Lady A. L. and Miss C. accorded. In tastes, tempers, and pursuits, they were quite dissimilar, so that a friendship could not exist between them; yet no dislike arose. Contented with seeking intimates in more congenial minds, they did not attempt to depreciate each other on account of their different opinions; but in the society of Lady M. L., the youngest daughter, Henrietta found a charm that endeared that young lady as if she had been her sister. Their attachment increased as years rolled on, and displayed more fully the *amiability of Lady M.*; and Lady Balcarras had

the pleasure of seeing realised her expectation of the advantage that would result from her daughters' intercourse with Miss Cummyng. Lady M. L. became her counterpart in all that was good and praiseworthy, and a strong and firm friendship was cemented between them.

At the period of Miss Cummyng's youthful days, it was customary for young people to attend dancing schools, which were kept purposely for their instruction, and often attended promiscuously by both sexes. At one of these establishments at Edinburgh, Henrietta formed an acquaintance with Miss Fordyce; and when a separation ensued, a correspondence was begun which led to a very important event in the life of Miss C.

This young lady had a brother, James Fordyce, who was a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, eminent for his learning, abilities, and piety. He was a native of Aberdeen, in which city his father had filled the office of chief magistrate, and was held in high estimation for his superior talents and reputation. Of all his numerous family not one was more highly gifted than James, who had already taken the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and had acquired much celebrity both as an author and preacher. His sister, Henrietta's correspondent, shewed her friend's letters to her brother James, who was so delighted with their wit and the sentiments which they expressed, that he was extremely desirous of forming an acquaintance with the writer. He had just been appointed minister at Alloa, and as his flock were discontented and *prejudiced, he* deemed it prudent not to absent him-

self until he had conciliated their favour. Consequently he wrote to Miss Cummyng, declaring his admiration, and soliciting the favour of her acquaintance.

Thus a correspondence commenced, which continued for two years before the parties met; but so similar were their tastes, principles, and opinions, that they became strongly attached to each other; and though rom tic proceedings usually terminate in disappointment, this was an exception; for their meeting confirmed their prepossessions, and ultimately led to a very happy marriage.

During Miss Cummyng's correspondence with Dr Fordyce, General Græme, who was so highly esteemed by the then reigning monarch, George the Third, and who was related to Lady Balcarras, came to pay her a visit. This led to an introduction to Miss C., whose fascinating manners and animated conversation greatly delighted the General; further intercourse displayed her superior merits, and procured her his esteem and respect. Just at this time she had finished embroidering a dress, which she presented to Lady Balcarras on her birth-day. The beauty of the design, and the skill evinced in its execution, claimed and obtained universal admiration. It was worn by her ladyship at St James's Palace, and attracted the notice of the Queen. Her Majesty's encomiums on the work, and inquiries respecting Henrietta, caused General Græme, who was present, to communicate to her Majesty the high opinion which he entertained of Miss Cummyng's qualifications. *This* opinion, no doubt, had great

influence with her Majesty in causing her afterwards to resolve to confer on this young lady an office of high trust.

Henrietta could not hear of her Majesty's encomiums on her performance without feeling a grateful sense of her condescension; she resolved to exert her utmost ingenuity in the execution of some embroidery; and if the result proved satisfactory, and the work should be thought worthy of the Queen's acceptance, to solicit Lady Balcarras's assistance in the presentation of it to her Majesty.

Henrietta used her utmost art in embroidering two groups of flowers on white satin for fire-screens, and succeeded to her satisfaction: the work was universally admired, and deemed quite suitable for its high destination. Through the instrumentality of Lady Balcarras it was sent to London, and laid at the feet of her Majesty, who was most graciously pleased, not only to accept the offering, but to express her high admiration of the talent displayed in its execution.

Soon after this event Lady Buchan returned to Scotland from London, and her first visit was to Balcarras. The two Countesses had a private conference, which lasted a considerable time; and when they joined the family circle, it was evident that some momentous affair occupied their thoughts. At last Miss Cummyng was informed, with much gravity, that her Majesty had most graciously vouchsafed to command her attendance at Court, when the appointment of Governess to the Princesses would be conferred upon her. Astonishment for a time suspended

the current of her ideas; but on recovering her self-possession, she looked alternately on the assembled party to see the effect produced by this unlooked for communication. She was disposed to consider it a jest; but the silence and seriousness of those present instantly convinced her of this mistake. At last she exclaimed, "I can never accept of this appointment; I cannot be restrained. I could work, were it necessary, but I could not serve." Every one was amazed at this declaration, and a long debate ensued; but Henrietta remained firm in refusing the honour that awaited her. She was not disposed to give up the tranquil independence which she enjoyed for the luxury and honours of a court, coupled with restraint and servility. Her disposition was so uncongenial to the kind of life which an acceptance of this appointment would have imposed, that it was happy for her that she had sufficient strength of mind to prefer freedom with mediocrity, to an exaltation which could not be enjoyed but at the sacrifice of liberty. A most dutiful and humble answer was sent to the Queen, and many causes assigned for the offered distinction being declined; the chief reason, however, was the disinclination of the young lady for the proffered honour. Her Majesty was pleased to write with her own hand a letter to Miss Cummyng, in which she expressed her regret that the Princesses could not have the advantage of her instruction; and desired her acceptance of a brilliant diamond ring, of considerable value, which accompanied the letter.

A short time after the royal offer was declined,

Dr Fordyce announced his intention of visiting the Countess of Balcarras, in compliance with her Ladyship's often repeated invitation. He came accompanied by his favourite brother Sir William; and both were received with that warm welcome and frank hospitality which so eminently characterise the Scotch. Thus Miss Cummyng and the Doctor met for the first time; and in the course of his visit, which was rather of a friendly length than a ceremonious one, he and Henrietta were seriously engaged to each other.

The lady fancied that her admirer bore a strong personal resemblance to the bust of Cicero, which with other ornaments decorated the library at Balcarras; and fancying also that the similarity extended to his writings, she named him the "modern Cicero," an appellation which he retained ever after, and by which he was known among the most celebrated literati of the age. During the Doctor's residence at Balcarras, he ascertained that Miss Cummyng possessed fervent piety, the only source of real goodness, and from which issued those superior graces that so highly distinguished her. This conviction diffused through his own feelings a sanctity and serenity that considerably heightened his happiness. Had he found Henrietta merely possessed of a fine creative imagination, endowed with wit and talent, but destitute of firm religious principles, and wanting in the powers of mind which are requisite to display those principles in conduct, he would never have thought of her as a wife Decorative qualities may please *and dazzle, but* they cannot alone procure lasting

esteem and affection. Sir William was highly pleased with his brother's choice, and as an appropriate compliment to Miss Cummyng, whose figure was very small and delicate, he named her "Queen of the Fairies." The brothers at last took their leave; the Doctor returned to his flock, and Sir William to his practice as a physician, in which he was then rising to great celebrity.

Dr Fordyce was not long before he made a second visit to Balcarras, and brought with him his brother Alexander, an eminent banker, possessed of very considerable wealth. This gentleman was soon captivated with the beauty and elegance of Lady Margaret, Henrietta's attached friend; and as he was handsome and insinuating in manners, and her affections were entirely disengaged, he soon had the happiness of being a successful lover. The Countess favoured the wealthy suitor; and without an acquaintance of sufficient length to ascertain whether there existed that similarity of sentiments and principles requisite to secure happiness in matrimony, they were married, and left Scotland, accompanied by Lady Ann Lindsay, in a gorgeous equipage, for a magnificent establishment in the vicinity of London. The Doctor was very much disposed to follow his brother's example; but Miss Cummyng, happy in her freedom, although attached to him very sincerely, still sought to postpone the fulfillment of her engagement.

About a year after the marriage of Mr Alexander Fordyce, Lady Balcarras and Miss Cummyng came to London *for the purpose* of accepting the often re-

peated invitation of Mr and Lady Fordyce. They were munificently entertained; and it was evident that their host took no little pleasure in displaying to Lady Balcarras the luxurious and elegant style which distinguished his establishment. Lady Margaret's equipage and dress were so splendid as not to be easily surpassed; various services of costly plate appeared at table, where a princely hospitality was supported. After some time passed in a most agreeable manner, Lady Balcarras began to think of returning to Scotland. Solicited by the Doctor, she united her influence with his to induce Miss Cummyng to be married first. As the lady still seemed desirous to postpone this affair in opposition to the wishes of her friends, they had recourse to a very singular stratagem for settling the matter; and they considered this proceeding perfectly justifiable, knowing as they did of her strong attachment to the Doctor, and that she was unable to assign any reasonable cause for delaying the union.

One morning after breakfast the housekeeper entered, and presented as usual her bill of fare. Lady Margaret made several alterations and additions, and informed her friends that she expected some gentlemen from the city that evening, whom Mr Fordyce wished to be entertained with particular attention. Then turning to the housekeeper, she desired that supper might be served in the grand saloon, and that the gold dessert service might be used, with many other similar orders. Mr Alexander Fordyce had a beautiful seat a Roehampton, where he principally

resided, and the family were there during Lady Balcarras's visit to England.

During the day a French hair-dresser made his appearance, and all the ladies underwent the tedious ceremony of having their hair curled, frizzed, and pomatumed, in a style which was then thought highly becoming. Fashion has long since deserted this wearisome and formal custom, and it is not the least recommendation of the more natural and simple which has superseded it, that it no longer demands so irksome and culpable a waste of time; while its formal and fantastic character was strangely opposed to the dictates of pure and refined good taste. The business of the toilette came next. Lady Balcarras had made Miss Cummyng a present of an elegant white dress for her wedding; she requested Henrietta as a particular favour that she would wear it that evening, assigning as a cause for the request, that her daughters intended wearing similar dresses. Henrietta wished to expostulate, but Lady B.'s manner seemed to forbid disobedience, and she was accordingly obeyed. When the party re-assembled, Lady Margaret appeared in a silver net dress, over white satin, blazing in diamonds; her sister was similarly attired; and Lady Balcarras sparkled in all the family jewels.

The drawing-rooms were brilliantly illuminated. Henrietta was all astonishment—she knew not what to think. Lady Margaret had not given any intimation of expecting a numerous company; on the contrary, she had stated that only a few gentlemen were expected. Presently carriages were heard in

the court-yard, and in a few minutes the three brothers of the mansion were announced, and two strange gentlemen. Miss Cummyng observed that the Doctor was as much dressed as was consistent with his profession. He wore light grey silk stockings, with gold shoe, knee, and stock buckles; and his wig was dressed in the nicest order. The whole party seemed in high spirits, and were complimenting each other in the most agreeable manner.

She was bewildered; and seemed the only one present who saw no cause for this more than usual splendour. At last Dr Fordyce approached her, took her hand, and endeavoured to compose her spirits; for a presentiment of the truth having flashed across her mind, she had become pale and agitated. "Sister," said Sir William, taking her other hand, "you are above affectation; all here unite in wishes for your happiness." He then led her to the chapel belonging to the house; it was lighted up and prepared for the occasion. The mystery was now over; the bride recovered herself; and every one knelt round the altar. One of the strangers who had accompanied the brothers, a reverend dean, began the ceremony: it suffered a slight interruption from the Doctor's persisting to substitute the word *honour* for *worship*, in the sentence—"With my body I thee worship." When the dignitary saw that the Doctor was inflexible (for he had three times repeated the words, and each time the Doctor in following him had made the alteration), after a pause the Dean proceeded, and the ceremony was concluded. the *clergyman no* doubt, paused to consider the import-

ance of the deviation which he thus persisted in adhering to.

For many years Mr and Mrs James Fordyce enjoyed more happiness than is usual in this life. Their perfect accordance in important matters, and their mutual regard, which led each to study how best to promote the happiness of the other, almost divested life of those little disagreeables to which all are subject either more or less. Their dear brother William passed much of his time in their society, and accompanied them in various excursions which they made to relieve the monotony of domestic pleasures, or rather to endear them, for they always seemed to enjoy with increased satisfaction, after absence, the calm tranquillity of their own beloved home.

None are exempt in this world from trouble; but those who remember from whom it is sent, and who let that recollection teach them the duty of submission, are enabled to bear it with much greater fortitude than the unthinking worldling. Mr Alexander Fordyce's extensive speculations took at last an unexpected course: to the amazement of his friends he became a bankrupt, and the private fortunes of his brothers, with which he had been entrusted, were irrecoverably lost. The opportunity which now occurred for the display of Mrs Fordyce's talents and virtues was not lost. Alterations in her establishment were made in the most judicious manner; the happy influence of which was seen in every thing, although no effort was visible. She rose superior to the helplessness of genteel life; and, by personal

exertions, remedied as much as possible the deprivations of those elegancies which propriety induced them to discard. So admirable was her conduct, and so well did she manage every thing, that her husband frequently declared that he never missed his fortune. The reverse of circumstances was borne so magnanimously by this happy pair, that it scarcely seemed to be a misfortune, and was far less afflicting than what they were doomed soon after to endure. Their attached brother William continued to share their humble felicity, and frequently adverted to the propriety of the name which he had bestowed on Mrs Fordyce, by calling her Queen of the Fairies, since the alteration in their fortunes occasioned such a display of her superior management as to justify the supposition of her supernatural powers.

In the midst of high professional popularity, while in the very zenith of his fame, the amiable Sir William was attacked with a rapid inflammation, which soon deprived his family and friends of a beloved and valuable associate, and the public of a skilful and benevolent physician. To his brother James, and his wife, he left his property; but alas! to them such a bequest only added poignancy to their sorrow, as, by shewing the strength of his affection for them, it increased their regret at the severing of those bonds of mutual affection by which they had been united.

Dr Fordyce continued for many years an active and successful divine. His practice enforced the precepts which his preaching inculcated; and where that is the case, God's blessing surely follows. The doctor

was an author of considerable reputation, and is said to have derived no less a sum than £10,000 from his works; many of which were sermons written in a superior style, yet abounding in beautiful simplicity. When years and infirmities caused his public duties to be more irksome, and less beneficial, this justly judging man left the pulpit to younger and more able preachers, and wisely confined his still active exertions to a private sphere of action.

He then went to reside at Bath, and, with his beloved Henrietta, continued to make it his residence until he was summoned to his heavenly mansion. This event was very sudden; but to those who are prepared, it matters little how short the notice; and as few could surpass the Doctor in Christian attainments, there is no doubt but that his hasty removal was to him a joyful surprise.

The Doctor had been declining for some time, but no apprehension of immediate danger was entertained. He passed the last evening of his life in company with his wife and niece, the former of whom read for his entertainment William Cooper's Letters to the Jews. After she had finished, he requested the young lady to oblige him with some music; and he took such interest in the performance as to request her to repeat a favourite air which she had played. He then conversed on the many blessings lavished on man by his bountiful Creator; and addressing himself to Mrs Fordyce said, "If I should leave you, there are many resources which remain for you, and of which I desire you will avail yourself: there are books, *friendship*, and music, besides others which I

might name. Cast yourself upon your Redeemer—he will care for you and raise you up friends. There are books called religious offices, preparations for the sacrament, preparations for death, &c.; but for my own part, I think that a man is not truly prepared for death, unless by the tenor of his life he feels himself so wholly given up to God that his mind is in heaven before he goes hence." Mrs Fordyce felt agitated, and tried to change the conversation by observing how much his health was improved lately. To this he assented; and added, that although ready to depart whenever it pleased God, he was not tired of life. He partook of supper moderately as usual, and about eleven o'clock went up stairs to bed.

Mrs Fordyce sat by his bed-side, conversing with him on various subjects for nearly two hours, when he urged her to retire for the sake of her health. Her apartment joined his, and there was a door of communication between them, which enabled Mrs F. to hear if he moved.

About two o'clock he awoke, and lighted a wax taper from his lamp to take his medicine, which with other things was on a dumb waiter close to his bed. He forgot to extinguish the bougie; which taking fire in the bunch awoke him in some alarm after he had again fallen asleep. The Doctor then called to his wife, who awaking in affright, sprung from her bed, and in her hurry came violently against the door, which made her reel on coming up to him.—"I called to you, my love," said he, "lest the smell of fire which the bougie occasioned should have frightened *you.* He then got up, and called the servants with

firm voice to attend to Mrs Fordyce, fearing she was hurt, nor could his wife persuade him to go to bed again until he had got her some sal volatile. He then said to her—"You have paid dear for coming to me by this blow; are you better now?"—"Oh! yes," replied Mrs Fordyce, "quite well, quite well."—'God be praised!" said he, raising his hands; and with the words in his mouth, he fell into his wife's arms, and expired without a sigh or a struggle. The servants (who had entered the room when summoned by the Doctor) immediately fled for assistance in various directions, but all was useless. Mrs Fordyce in the delirium of her grief uttered piercing cries for the reanimation of the body, but the spirit had flown, and for ever, to the God who gave it.

Mrs Fordyce was a long time before she recovered from the shock of her husband's death—yet death she never would allow it to be called, always maintaining that he was translated. Her sorrow was at length tempered by resignation; and she derived much comfort in the prospect of rejoining him in another world, as the Doctor had always strengthened her in the opinion that kindred souls would recognise each other hereafter. Her circumstances were good, as she inherited for life Sir William's property as well as the Doctor's.

Mrs Fordyce retained her fine faculties to the latest period of her existence; and so fascinating was her conversation, that many have been known to form plans for an introduction to her society. Her letters were elegantly written, but with such a vein of drollery *running through them*, that her style could always

be known; she could turn prose into poetry with great ease, and often amused herself in that manner. As for her charities, they were felt, but not known; for she would often put her name down to a subscription for half-a-crown, and send privately a bank-note of value.

Mrs Fordyce's opinion on the doctrine of transubstantiation as believed by Roman Catholics, I insert for the instruction of my young readers, as I think it may account in some degree for a belief so contrary to the tenor of Scripture. Our Saviour and his Apostles generally conversed in the Syriac language, which has no verb implying "to signify," consequently the interpreters have had recourse to the decisive "is," which has probably occasioned the error in translating our Redeemer's words. We can hardly doubt that some of the Catholic priests are aware of this; but where blindness is wilful, light shines in vain. The reader hardly need be told, that this knowledge is not needed to refute so unscriptural a doctrine. When Christ instituted the sacrament, his body was not yet broken, which is of itself sufficient evidence of the symbolical nature of the broken bread.

When Mrs Fordyce had attained her eighty-sixth year, accident introduced her to an old friend, a relation of the Fordyces, who with her daughter consented, at the request of Mrs F., to reside with her; for enfeebled as she was by years and infirmities, she felt unable to superintend her establishment, and was subject to perpetual discomforts from the impositions *of her servants.* Mrs H. took from her all these

cares, and contributed much to the comfort of her last days. To the young lady Mrs Fordyce became much attached; and she was taking a warm interest in a matrimonial engagement which she was likely to form, when death summoned her from all earthly considerations.

In the month of January, when in her eighty-ninth year, Mrs Fordyce was taken very ill in the middle of the night. The relation who lived with her was alarmed by the ringing of her bell. Mrs F. was found leaning against a cabinet, and complained of a violent pain in her chest. The servants quickly prepared some warm tea, which alleviated the pain; and, after taking medicine prescribed by her medical attendant, she seemed much relieved. During the whole of the next day she was extremely drowsy, and took very little nourishment. On the succeeding morning she requested her solicitor to be sent for, but unfortunately a whole day elapsed before he came, and though Mrs Fordyce's faculties of mind remained, her powers of expression were so far gone as to render what she said unintelligible to the lawyer. He requested that those who could understand her would write down sums and names, and that he would do the rest: he left her without making the will. The dear sufferer asked for pen and ink, and wrote a few imperfect lines, but she was incapable of the effort. Spasms of pain came on; she shook, convulsed with endeavours to write more; she feebly uttered, "O God! one hour—one hour! just—just"—It was impossible—the darkening mists of death were

obscuring her sight, and her eyes had lost all means of intelligence.

She dozed the remainder of the day, and towards evening her friend held some tea to her lips. "My dear, dear Mrs Fordyce, do you know me?" said Mrs H. —"I know and love you," she distinctly replied, while she feebly pressed the hand that held hers. Mrs H. kissed her forehead; there the damp dews of death were gathering. Alarmed, she looked again at her eyes; there was a vacant gaze, without any expression, yet her countenance bore testimony of the happy state of her mind. A seraphic smile spoke of joy commencing: a few sighs were uttered —and her spirit returned to God who gave it.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

SLEEP on my love in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted,
My last "good night," thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb;
"Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrow breed;
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee;
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life almost by eight hours sail,
Than when sleep breathed his downie gale."

III. MRS. HANNAH MORE.

MRS HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE was the youngest but one of the five daughters of Mr Jacob More, who was originally designed for the Church; but domestic disappointments, in consequence of a law-suit, defeated the intentions of his parents, and compelled him to accept of the superintendence of a foundation school near Stapleton. He married the daughter of a respectable farmer, who exhibited much sound judgment in the regulation of her family, and was deservedly esteemed and beloved.

The eldest Miss More was sent to school at Bristol to be qualified for a governess; and as she regularly passed the Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Hannah availed herself of these opportunities to acquire from her the lessons which she had learnt during each interval, and sedulously studied them herself the following week. At eight years old her desire for learning became so conspicuous, that her father thought it his duty to attend to it; and although he very much disliked female pedantry, he instructed his talented daughter in Latin and mathematics, and was *frightened, as he* expressed himself, at his own

success. Some French officers, who were on their parole in Mr More's neighbourhood, were his frequent guests, and from them Hannah acquired a free and elegant knowledge of their language.

When Miss More was nearly twenty-one years of age, in conformity with their father's long-projected intentions, the sisters opened a boarding-school at Bristol, which from its commencement was attended with uncommon success. Hannah had not then quite completed her twelfth year, and benefited much by the attendance of the masters, and by the general course of study. When she was about sixteen, Mr Sheridan came to Bristol to give lectures on eloquence; and such was the impression they made on Hannah, that she could not avoid expressing her feelings in a copy of verses, which was presented to the lecturer by a friend. This led to an introduction to Mr S., who much admired the dawning genius of the amiable and talented girl. In those days it was customary for young people to commit to memory parts of plays, and frequently their moral tendency was exceptionable. Our young moralist was aware of this; and, for the use of juvenile declaimers she wrote the pastoral drama of the "Search after Happiness," which completely answered the intended purpose.

At the age of twenty she cultivated with assiduity the Italian, Latin, and Spanish languages; and her translation of Metastasio's opera of Regulus, which she wrote about this time, was published some years after by the title of "The Inflexible Captive."

A few years after, Miss H. More received the addresses of a gentleman of fortune, twenty years her

senior, and her marriage was generally expected. She gave up her interest in the school, and was at great expense in suitable preparations to appear in conformity with her expected elevation. The day was fixed more than once for her wedding, and each time postponed at the request of the gentleman. At last her friends interfered, as they could not allow her to be so trifled with. The cause of such conduct in the intended bridegroom, is rather inexplicable; unless it be that he liked to contemplate matrimony at a distance, but was alarmed at its near approach; for, when urged to an explanation, he still declared himself willing to marry Miss Hannah; but his conduct having occasioned an alteration in her sentiments, she persevered in her determination not to renew the engagement. The final separation was at last amicably agreed upon, and the contract broken off by mutual consent. The gentleman proposed settling an annuity upon Miss More—a proposal to which she firmly refused her consent. However, he thought proper to communicate on the subject with Dr Stonehouse (a friend of Miss Hannah's, who had kindly interposed in this delicate affair), to whom he declared his intention of securing to the lady an annual sum, sufficient to enable her to devote herself to literary pursuits, and thus to compensate in some degree for the unpleasant situation in which he had involved her. Dr S. consulted Miss More's relatives; and their unanimous opinion was, that a part of the annuity proposed might be accepted, consistent with the utmost propriety. The settlement was accordingly completed without the lady's knowledge—

Dr Stonehouse accepting the office of trustee. The gentleman ever after expressed the highest esteem and respect for Miss H. More, and at his death bequeathed her a thousand pounds.

The tender and delicate mind of Miss More was sensibly affected by the embarrassing circumstances of this engagement; and her feelings on the occasion induced her to resolve to avoid a similar entanglement. Not long afterwards her hand was again solicited, but she refused to marry, although she entertained a high respect for the individual, with whom she kept up a friendly acquaintance.

Miss More visited London in company with her sisters, and was introduced to Mr and Mrs Garrick by a person who was a mutual acquaintance. Garrick was so much pleased with her, that he presented her to the best and most gifted of his friends. To Dr Johnson she was introduced at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was received by him with the utmost good humour. He accosted her by repeating a verse from a Morning Hymn of her own writing, and continued in one of his most agreeable moods during the whole of the evening. When more intimately acquainted, the Doctor expressed his high approval of Miss More's literary productions, while she, in return, properly estimated the stupendous powers of his mind; thus a mutual esteem arose between them, which continued until the Doctor's death.

In January 1776, Miss M. wrote her poem of "Sir Edward of the Bower," to which she added a

shorter one, called "The Bleeding Rock." These were purchased and published by Cadell, who continued her publisher for nearly forty years. This production procured Miss More much praise as well as profit; it was universally read and admired, and was the means of extending her reputation.

Her connexion with Dr Johnson, Garrick, and other celebrated characters, was the cause of her introduction into a very high circle of society, in which her talents were duly appreciated; but applause and admiration caused no change in the natural simplicity of her manners—she still retained her usual amiability.

Hannah More's next production was the tragedy of "Percy," which was performed at Covent Garden Theatre with the greatest applause. From this work Miss More realised six hundred pounds. Garrick was instrumental in the introduction of "Percy" to the manager; and it was fortunate for Miss More that it had his support, which would not have been the case had it been delayed, for Garrick died the following year.

Soon after this event Miss More presented Mr Harris with another tragedy called "Fatal Falsehood," which he immediately caused to be represented. This play had been written before Garrick's death, and met his approval; but although successful, it did not meet from the public an equal share of applause with its predecessor "Percy," which had been translated into German, and performed at Vienna.

After Garrick's death Miss More gradually retired from many of those worldly and pleasurable *pursuits which till* then had engaged much of her

attention. She spent a good deal of her time with Mrs Garrick, who, deeply afflicted at the loss of her husband, could not endure the thought of again mingling with general society. Retirement, and the impression made on her mind by the unexpected death of Garrick, aroused Hannah More's better feelings, and caused her to think that it was time to devote to her Maker's service the splendid talents with which he had endowed her.

Her Essays soon after made their appearance, and met with the praise so justly their due. A poem on Sensibility quickly succeeded, followed by the Sacred Dramas, which are very generally known. The poem of "Bas Bleu" followed, and was enthusiastically admired by Dr. Johnson, and indeed by everybody else. It will not be possible here to enumerate all Miss More's literary productions, or their success, as it would occupy too much time and space. Her poetry was excellent; and Garrick, in allusion to the Muses, as if they had taken up their residence in her mind, used to call her the Nine.

From the period when Miss More first became a literary character, she passed a portion of every year in London; and in proportion as her fame increased, so did her acquaintance; but while in town she resided principally at Garrick's. Miss More was much affected at the evidently approaching death of Dr. Johnson, who had always been to her a true friend. This great man in his will, which was made shortly before he expired, made a public confession of his faith, stating that his only hope of salvation rested on the merits of his Saviour. He died happy, yet

regretting that he had not devoted his life more to his Maker's service. What lessons to the living do deathbeds afford! and how great is the power of sin which causes them so often to be given in vain!

In the midst of the gaiety with which Miss More was constantly surrounded when in London, a sense of religion ever attended her; she regularly read the Scriptures, frequented public worship, and never could be induced to go to parties on the Sabbath day. At last the genuine characteristics of her mind began to display themselves more openly; and wearied with scenes of greatness and display, she longed for the tranquillity of retirement. With a view of contracting the circle of her acquaintance, she built a pretty residence, called Cowslip Green, in a secluded spot near Bristol, which she made her home, although she continued to spend a part of every year in London. This arrangement occasioned her time to pass in the most agreeable manner.

In one of her letters to her sisters she mentions the following repartee, which appears to me so excellent, that I insert it for the amusement of my young readers:—"A gentleman of sense and learning, but whose coat was not of the newest Paris cut, was sitting at dinner between two petit-maitres of the first water, who agreed to roast him, and accordingly assailed him with many impertinent questions. After patiently enduring their rudeness for some time, he said to them, 'Gentlemen, I will gratify your desire to be acquainted with my character. He bien, donc! le *voici—je suis ni sot*, ni fol, mais je suis entre les

deux.' This witticism procured him good treatment the rest of the visit."

Much merit is due to Mrs More for publishing such a work as her "Thoughts on the Importance and Manners of the Great," as she certainly risked losing the friendship of many of those with whose notice she was honoured, by such a public animadversion on their conduct. But she felt it her duty thus to express her opinion, from the hope that she might benefit her fellow-creatures, and from the conviction which this hope produced, that she ought to do it. The work went through four or five editions before it was known who was the author, though many suspected it to be Mrs More's. It was well received, and was no doubt beneficial to many.

Mrs More mentions in her letters to her sisters an account of the first mental malady with which George the Third was afflicted. Dr Willis who attended his Majesty told her, that during his intervals of reason he evinced the greatest piety, with the utmost sweetness of temper and goodness of heart. He shed tears when informed of certain afflicting circumstances which had befallen a nobleman; but yet expressed his entire acquiescence to the will of God. This excellent monarch upon his recovery went to St Paul's, attended by his family, publicly to return his thanks to the Almighty: the churches were all open, and the day observed as a holiday. Upon this joyful occasion everybody was giving entertainments; routes, galas, and festivities of various descriptions were universal. Three thousand charity-children attended the service at St Paul's, each of whom was supplied with

a roll and two apples for refreshment. The King was most joyfully received by the people; but they were temperate in their acclamations from a fear of overpowering his feelings.

The scene at the cathedral was sublimely awful and impressive. The idea of thus publicly returning thanks to God was most noble on the part of our beloved king; it testified his reliance on the Almighty, and his desire that his people should be impressed with the same feelings.

The Queen and Princesses went to see the illuminations, and did not get back to Kew till after one o'clock. When the carriage stopped on their return, her Majesty observed a gentleman coming towards the coach door without a hat; it was the King, who came to hand her out. The Queen scolded him for being up and out so late, but he replied to her in a very gallant manner, that he could not possibly go to bed and sleep until he knew that she was returned in safety. One lady of rank caused two hundred Sunday-school children to walk in procession to church, and then to return to her house to dinner, where they were regaled with roast-beef and plum-pudding. After singing a psalm of praise, and "God save the King," they were dismissed with baskets full of good things for their parents. What a noble way of celebrating this festivity! Why do not the nobles of the land set the middle classes similar examples of real greatness? then, instead of being emulous as they now are of imitating them in ostentation and pomp, they would follow them in the paths of beneficence and humility. Poor as the motive is, even

this habit of imitation so common among our countrymen, would conduce to an outward reverence for religion. The example of the higher ranks would be as sedulously adopted by the inferior classes, and from being at first only fashionably religious, many in the end would become really so.

About the year 1789 Miss More's sisters retired from their public capacity as governesses to enjoy liberty and repose; wisely contented with a sufficiency, they did not pursue their occupation until they were incapable of enjoying the fruits of their industry. Before their retirement, these ladies and Miss H. More built for themselves a house in Bath; and between this residence and Cowslip Green they agreed in future to divide their time.

For some years Hannah More had been desirous of devoting herself in her retirement to meditation and literary leisure; but she could not rest without being useful. During the first summer of the sisters being together at Cowslip Green, they took occasional excursions for some miles round; and finding the poor in a state of deplorable ignorance and depravity, particularly at Cheddar, they resolved there to establish a school for their instruction. Many of the rich farmers in the place strongly opposed their plan; attributing to the introduction of religion formerly by the monks of Glastonbury the want of prosperity evident in the village. They had also much trouble in procuring proper people to superintend their little establishment; but their industry in qualifying persons who were willing to accept of these situations *soon removed* this obstacle.

It was requisite to gain the approval of the wealthier part of the neighbourhood to enable the sisters to put their laudable intentions into execution; and this was at last effected, although with much difficulty. Another house was taken for seven years for the same purpose near Bridgewater, with nearly an acre of ground attached to it, and it was speedily prepared to receive pupils.

There was no resident minister in this vicinity; and the inhabitants when questioned on the subject, said they knew that they had a right to one, but that they never enforced this claim for fear of having their tithes increased in consequence. Their curate came once on the Sunday to perform service, but of course the sick were never visited, nor their poor relieved through his means, as he lived twelve miles distant. All this shews the wretched state of the people, and the arduous undertaking of the Misses More in endeavouring to promote their improvement.

They opened their school with one hundred and seventy, adults and children together. The principal people from the adjoining parishes came to witness their first meeting. A Sunday-school was a novelty indeed, in a place so noted for wickedness as to be considered a kind of Botany Bay.

Several that were pupils had been tried at the assizes, notwithstanding their youth; and many were known to be thieves. When the clergyman, who was a magistrate, saw those little vagrants kneeling to pray who had frequently been before him to receive sentence of punishment for depredations, he was so affected *that he could* not refrain from tears.

In 1790 Miss More published another excellent book, entitled "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." She expatiated in this work, in a very free manner, on the prevailing corruptions —on the decay of domestic piety—and particularly on the absence of religion from the education of the higher classes. She shewed plainly the fatal results of this grievous sin; how much the inferior classes were infected by it; how they followed the example of those above them; and the fatal consequences that ensued when evil was presented to them instead of godliness. She represented the spirit of worldliness which was manifested frequently by amiable and benevolent people—professors of religion—who did not think such conduct incompatible with real piety. The subject was well chosen, and most ably treated, and merited the success which it met with; for in two years it had reached a fifth edition.

The Bishops of London and Llandaff, the Rev J. Newton, and indeed all Mrs More's numerous circle of friends, presented their congratulations on the success of this production, accompanied with the highest praise both of style and sentiments.

During the summer of 1791 the sisters resided altogether at Cowslip Green, and, in consequence of the success of their school at Cheddar, resolved to set up others in the neighbourhood. Two mining villages at the top of Mendrop attracted their attention as a suitable place; for there the people were so ignorant, that they suspected Mrs More and her *sisters,* when they made known their intentions, of a *design to entrap* their children, and to sell them as

slaves. But encouraged by their success at Cheddar, and observing that the Almighty had evidently blessed their efforts, they were induced to persevere.

Their first step upon entering each parish was to obtain from the incumbent of the living his acquiescence in their project, which was usually granted with much pleasure. In this place there were ten parishes adjoining in which there was no resident clergyman, and the people were all in a state of utter destitution as regarded spiritual things. These amiable women soon procured for them the same advantages of school-instruction as the poor enjoyed at Cheddar.

The farmers and the wealthier part of the population were the more disposed to assist them when they found that their money was safe, and that no subscriptions were in requisition. The account of the situation in which they found Cheddar will convey an idea of the state of all the other villages where they established schools. There was but one Bible in the parish; and no clergyman had resided there for above forty years; one came on a Sunday to perform one service, but no weekly duty was done, consequently the burials, particularly of children, were often performed without any funeral service. Eight people in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, was a good congregation.

After the Misses More had obtained the necessary information respecting the characters, number, and employment of the people, and when the schoolroom was ready for their reception, they appointed *a day to meet them*, of which public notice was

given in the church. A great many refused to let their children come, fearful that if they should attend for seven years, the ladies might acquire a right over them, and send them to be sold in foreign countries; others required to be paid for letting them come, thinking that they were conferring a benefit instead of receiving one. A mistress was engaged, with a suitable salary, to preside over the school; and teachers provided. A weekly school was also established at Cheddar for thirty girls to be instructed in reading, sewing, knitting, and spinning.

The mistress and principal teacher visited the houses of the parents when they were sick, chiefly for the purpose of spiritually benefiting them; but to gain their confidence they were furnished with a little medicine and money, which, after administering judiciously, they generally found no great difficulty in obtaining permission to read to them, and to engage with them in prayer.

It was soon visible that much benefit had been derived by the poor; the scholars increased in number, and the lives of many were altered for the better. It was then thought proper to have a sermon read on Sunday evenings after school, to which a few of the parents and grown-up children were invited.

Bibles and prayer-books, and other good books, were then distributed as rewards for the diligent and well-behaved. To alleviate their temporal distresses, which often required relief, a club was formed, to which the poor women contributed three halfpence per week: and when Mrs More saw the inability of *some to pay* even this trifle, it was done secretly for

them, as they found it cheaper and more beneficial to contribute in that manner than to give in any other way. From this club (like those which are usually established for men) these poor women received relief when ill, or during confinements, or when the distresses of their families required assistance. At these clubs an anniversary tea-meeting took place among the women, to which the better sort of people were invited; when the state of affairs was made public, and the journal read. If they had conducted themselves improperly, they were reproved; if with propriety, they were encouraged to persevere in well-doing.

The Misses More succeeded in establishing many schools around their neighbourhood, the most distant of which was fifteen miles from their residence. When they inspected those schools which were the most remote, they were obliged to sleep at inns in the vicinity; but so ardent were these amiable women in the pursuit of good, that personal inconvenience was no preventive. Hundreds of children were thus trained up with a knowledge of their duty, who might, but for the kind aid of the sisters, have perhaps perished in ignorance, or have passed through life in the practice of every disgusting vice.

In one school, consisting of 108 children, there was not a boy or girl that could tell who made them. This appears almost incredible as occurring in England; but it is a fact, and proves the lamentable state of ignorance that prevailed in remote and secluded parts before the introduction of Sunday-schools.

In the schools, the plan of an anniversary dinner

was adopted, at which the children were regaled with beef and plum-pudding. Tents were pitched for the purpose, and they all went to the place appointed in waggons. Each parish sat together; and after the feast they sang psalms, and "God save the King." Then innocent recreation was allowed; and it is almost needless to add, that this day was always anticipated by these poor children with the utmost delight. Curiosity caused a great attendance of grown persons to witness the scene, among whom the clergy of the neighbourhood were generally included.

But all this benevolence could not be carried on by the Misses More without the aid of pecuniary assistance; this they obtained without difficulty from their friends—the greater part of whom were not only affluent, but really disposed to assist them in their praiseworthy pursuits.

A few years had elapsed after these undertakings, and they were prospering more than could have been reasonably expected, when in 1792 revolutionary principles seemed to be spreading very much among the lower classes, and inflammatory publications were much in circulation to encourage this spirit of rebellion. Many persons of eminence requested Hannah More to write some tract that might serve as a counteraction to these pernicious writings. At first she declined doing so, thinking that all she could say on the subject would be useless. Urged continually on the point, she at last composed the little work called "Village Politics, by William Chip," which was *sent* privately for Rivington to publish, that the world *might not* suspect who wrote it. In a few days after,

every post from London brought her a present of this tract, entreating her to disseminate it, as the best antidote against the poisonous principles that prevailed. It flew with rapidity through the kingdom, and thousands were sent by government to Scotland and Ireland. At last her secret was betrayed, and innumerable were the thanks and congratulations which she received. Many persons affirmed that, under Providence, it had essentially contributed to quiet and disperse the rising tumult, by plainly shewing how appetite, selfishness, and animal force often deceive us, by assuming the semblance of liberty, equality, and popular rights.

Mrs More began to find that as the poor were enabled to read by means of her school, they often perused those corrupt works which were dispersed by the rebellious in great quantities, and which were often dropped into cottages and every place of public resort. To prevent the bad effects of this practice, she wished to turn the current of their reading, and to provide them with what might both amuse and instruct. For this purpose she published three tracts each month, consisting of stories, ballads, &c., written in a very lively manner. Her success far surpassed her expectations; they quickly put to flight the wicked trash whose poison she dreaded, and were not only well received by the poorer classes, but soon found their way into the drawing-rooms of the wealthy; for no less a number than two millions were sold the first year. Many of these tracts were not of Mrs More's writing, although they *were all submitted* to her inspection before they were

published: her sisters wrote some, and many kind friends gave their assistance, as it was impossible, from the number required, for Mrs More to write them all. A missionary at Madras, communicating with his friends, states how much Mrs More's works were admired in that part of the world, particularly by the Rajah of Tanjore; he adds, that he has often taken his sermons from her "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," and that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be introduced to the authoress of it.

Mrs More was very intimate with that excellent man, Bishop Porteus, and continued to pass a portion of her time at his residence during her annual visit to London. But she now began to contract the term of her stay in the metropolis, and seldom allowed it to extend beyond two months; for as she increased in years, she increased also in piety; and to benefit others, and to attend to her own soul, were now the chief objects of her life.

About this time "Strictures on Female Education" issued from Mrs More's pen. Like her other productions, it was excellent, and universally admired. The Bishop of London mentioned it in recommendatory terms to his congregation from the pulpit at St James's. It was purchased and much admired by the Princesses, and sent to the Princess-Royal, who had married the Duke of Wirtemburg, in the expectation that it would be serviceable to her in the education of her daughters-in-law.

The schools under Mrs More's superintendence *continued* to flourish; and at the request of the

curate another was established at Blagden, the village in which Cowslip Green was situated. Yet this lady was doomed for some time to suffer a most cruel and unjust persecution from a clergyman, aided by others, who accused her of disaffection to the Church. This accusation caused much trouble and vexation to Mrs More, but it ended at last in the disgrace of her slanderers.

Cowslip Green, although a very pretty residence, was in many respects inconvenient; and a piece of land being offered to Mrs More about a mile distant, in a charming picturesque situation, she purchased it, and built a very comfortable mansion. The ground afforded scope for the taste of the sisterhood, and was formed into delightful plantations, arranged with admirable skill and contrivance. The ladies soon became so much attached to this rural retreat, called Barley Wood, that they parted with their house at Bath, and made it their constant place of abode.

It was suggested to Mrs More that a pamphlet of her writing relative to the education of a certain Royal Princess of England would be acceptable. Too humble to expect the benefit which her friends anticipated from such an Essay, yet her desire of obliging, added to the urgent entreaties of a high dignitary of the Church, induced her compliance, and shortly after she produced "Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess." It was dedicated to the Bishop of Exeter, who had been recently appointed preceptor to the Princess; it met his Lordship's approval, and copies were sent by him to the *King and Queen*, who both expressed their admira-

tion of the work. Mrs More did not wish to be known as the authoress, but it was very soon discovered.

In the year 1809, just after Mrs More's recovery from a severe illness, she had the misfortune to lose her revered friend, Bishop Porteus: this was to her an irreparable loss, so congenial were their sentiments. He left Mrs M. a hundred pounds, and she consecrated to his memory an urn, erected in her plantations, with a suitable inscription. During his last illness, which was very gradual in its progress, he requested an audience of the Prince of Wales, because he had been informed that his Royal Highness intended becoming the patron of a club which was to meet on a Sunday. Supported by two servants he entered the Prince's apartment, and anxiously and earnestly entreated him to fix on some other day for this meeting. The Prince received him with great kindness, seemed much affected, and told him that if the day could be changed it should; but added in extenuation, that it was a charitable institution. It had always been the prayer of this pious Bishop to be spared the pangs of death if it pleased God. His request was granted. He continued to get weaker and weaker, and during the last few days he was carried down stairs, as he was too feeble to walk. On the Saturday after dinner he was seized with a convulsion fit, from which he recovered and fell asleep for three hours; he then slowly opened his eyes for a few minutes, and closed them again in death. This Bishop was a most eminent Christian, of a noble mind. *He was in* his seventy-eighth year when he died; *and his life* had been a pattern of that consistency of

conduct with his avowed principles, which can alone prove religion to spring from the heart.

In 1809 Mrs More published a work of a different nature from her usual productions; and to ascertain public opinion without that prepossession which would have attended it had her name been affixed, it was not stated by whom it was written; the title was "Cœlebs in search of a Wife." It no sooner appeared than it excited universal attention; and in nine months after its first publication, the eleventh edition was in the press. Mrs M. was much amused by the various letters which she received recommending it to her perusal, and pointing out the beauty of several of its passages.

In America "Cœlebs" was received with equal favour; it passed rapidly through four editions, and before the death of Mrs More thirty editions of 1000 copies each had been printed. Mrs More cleared by this work, within the first year of its publication, no less a sum than £2000.

About ten years after the appearance of Cœlebs, "Practical Piety," in two volumes, was produced; and as Mrs More announced it as her own composition, it sold at a rapid rate, and speedily reached the tenth edition. Shortly after "Christian Morals" followed, and was received with all the attention and patronage which the public evinced to the labours of Mrs More.

A serious domestic affliction very speedily succeeded the publication of "Christian Morals;" this was the death of Mrs Mary More, the eldest of the sisters, *who, after* a life of usefulness and benevo-

lence, died with the placidity and hopes of a Christian. The health of Mrs More had of late years been frequently affected with bilious and other complaints, and this bereavement tended to increase her infirmities; for although the surviving sisters felt assured that their loss was the gain of the departed, yet the breaking of the bond which had united them for fifty years could not fail of being keenly felt.

Two years elapsed after this bereavement, passed by Mrs More in her usual occupations, when she completed and published her "Essay on the Character and Writings of St Paul," which was received by the public with the same avidity as her other performances.

A branch Bible Society was established in the parish of Barley Wood; and on the anniversary, when the subscribers met, the house of Mrs More was the place of rendezvous; and frequently more than a hundred persons assembled there, and were hospitably entertained by the sisters. The meeting was usually held in a large waggon-yard, as there was not room at the inn at Wrington; and it was at the conclusion of the business that the neighbouring gentry repaired to Barley Wood.

Fifty or sixty more were usually invited to come to tea, and as the house could not possibly contain them, they took refreshment under the trees, in the pleasure-ground and garden, so that it was quite a rural festivity. The sisters thought that this gala-day might connect, in the minds of the young, religious societies and innocent mirth, and serve also,

by keeping up the number of subscribers, to benefit the institution.

The sisters began now to suffer under the inroads of sickness and old age. Mrs Elizabeth More, the eldest living, was paralytic; and after being confined to her bed for some time with a bad leg, she became speechless, in which condition she continued for a fortnight, and then expired. The sisterhood was now reduced to three, of whom Mrs Hannah was decidedly the least impaired. Although above seventy, she still retained all the vigour of her mind, and wrote and conversed with the same superiority of style and manner as in past years.

About twelve months after the loss of her sister, in 1817, Mrs More was again solicited from various quarters to write some tracts for the purpose of quelling the spirit of insubordination which was manifest among the poor, in consequence of the stagnation of trade. The peace which had taken place had not been followed by its usual attendant, plenty, and much dissatisfaction had arisen among the lower classes. Ever ready to do good, Mrs More speedily produced several appropriate tracts and ballads, written in a playful and pleasant style; they were speedily circulated throughout every part of the country with much success, and she continued to furnish a constant supply as long as the state of affairs required her aid.

The eldest of the three sisters, Mrs Sarah More, expired in the spring of 1817. Her illness was long, and her sufferings acute; but she endured them with Christian fortitude, and died very happily.

Mrs More had the pleasure of hearing that her works were translated both into the Russian and Persian languages; and two noblemen from the latter country personally assured her of the good they were effecting in Persia: soon after, a letter from a noble Russian lady bore testimony of the same blessing being bestowed upon her labours in Russia.

Mrs More was very subject to bilious fevers, and was attacked with a very severe one at the same time that the health of her only remaining sister began rapidly to decline. Mrs More was, however, restored to health, and availed herself of the leisure which the absence of company on account of her sister's indisposition afforded her, to produce another book, which was entitled "Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic; with Reflections on Prayer." The same testimony of public approval was given on the appearance of this work as on former occasions; the whole of the first edition was sold the first day that it came out; and it appears that it realized, on perusal, the expectations which its announcement created.

About a month after the appearance of this work, Mrs More was called upon to endure a very severe stroke in the death of her only surviving sister, who expired after a short illness of four days. Mrs Martha More had been her sister's principal assistant in the schools, clubs, and all other charitable undertakings. To have her thus suddenly snatched away, and to be left alone, the last of the five, was indeed a dispensation of a most afflicting nature to *the sensitive* feelings of the survivor; yet she did

not give way to unavailing sorrow, but with humble submission to the dispensations of Providence, turned her thoughts to the near prospect of her own departure.

Mrs Hannah More suffered much from ill-health throughout her life. After the death of her last sister, she had two severe attacks, from which she recovered, contrary to the expectations of those around her. The last of them confined her to her bed for thirteen weeks, during which time her sufferings were very great. The patience, resignation, and even cheerfulness, with which she supported her illness, were constant subject of admiration to her friends and attendants; and when it pleased the Almighty to restore her, although submissive to his will, she could not refrain from saying, that she would rather that it had pleased Him to have summoned her to a better world, than to have restored her again to this.

She had the satisfaction of seeing her schools flourish, and of knowing that they had been the means, under God, of forming many useful and pious people; and she was often receiving communications of the benefits derived from her tracts. At Blagden there was a man of the most profligate character, who drove one of the stage-coaches. Beginning to sink under the effects of dram-drinking, one of Mrs M.'s assistants called upon him, and left a few tracts. As he was too ill to attend to his business, he took up a tract called "Sorrowful Sam," thinking merely to amuse himself a little by its perusal; *but he was so* struck with its contents that it

brought him to serious reflection, and the consequence was that he became a converted man. His illness was long and painful; but he endured it patiently, and quite convinced those around him of the real change that had taken place in his sentiments. Before his death he desired that a copy of that tract might be given to each of his children, and he solemnly charged them to read it over once a month. His widow was led, by these circumstances, to alter her opinions, and became a very devout woman. Thus this little tract was most probably the means of salvation to a whole family.

The influence of Mrs More's example as one of the earliest friends of education and moral training, can only be sufficiently appreciated by those who know of the dreadful amount of vice and ignorance that then degraded the peasantry of England. She went among them as the missionary sent with glad tidings to a benighted race. The school-book and the Bible were her sole means of accomplishing the end in view. With the one she sought to teach them the blessings of knowledge, and the capacity of their own mental faculties; and with the other to guide them to the knowledge of that life and immortality which is brought to light in the gospel. She proceeded timidly indeed in enlarging the extent of their knowledge, having many prejudices to contend with, which were opposed to all mental instruction for the poor, as being only calculated to dissatisfy them with their lot. But time has shown how noble were the objects she aimed at, and how ample the blessings that have sprung from her benevolent *labours.*

Time passed on with Mrs More in its usual man-

ner: age did not diminish her cheerfulness, or prevent her from seeing a great deal of company. She indeed regretted that she had not more leisure for solitude; but yet her good nature would not allow her to refuse receiving those who sought her society.

Mrs M. was always exceedingly beneficent, so as sometimes to induce a forgetfulness of prudence; and, since the death of her sisters, her servants had taken the most dishonest advantage of her neglect of domestic affairs, and of that easiness of temper which led her to submit to their injustice, although aware of its existence. She was at last roused to remedy the evil, from the discovery that she had considerably exceeded her income during the few last years. Honesty would not permit her to continue such a course; and she thought of selling the reversion of Barley Wood to increase her property, that she might be enabled to meet these extra expenses. But when her friends, whom she consulted on the occasion, looked into her concerns, such scandalous conduct was proved to have been pursued by the servants of her establishment, many of whom had been with her for years, that it was found absolutely expedient to dismiss them all, to free Mrs More from the imputation of encouraging vice by having such people in her service, as well as to secure her from the danger to which she was subject from their relative positions.

After consultation and reflection, Mrs More determined to sell her little estate, and to remove to Clifton; and as soon as Barley Wood was disposed of, she *put this* intention into execution.

It must naturally be supposed that she could not

leave a place so endeared to her by the remembrance of past scenes without bitter feelings; yet the consciousness of the propriety of the measure, and the placidity of her temper, restrained their expression. On the day of her removal she was attended by several of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who came to accompany her to her new abode, and to dissipate as much as possible, by their kind assiduities, its attendant discomforts. Mrs More descended the stairs with a serene countenance, went into a parlour adorned with the portraits of dear and departed friends, and viewed silently for a few minutes those lineaments which recalled to memory many past years of happiness. As she was preparing to enter the carriage, she gave one last sad look at her shrubs and flowers; and viewing with sorrowful eyes those beauties which her taste had directed, she exclaimed, as she entered the carriage, "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise—but not, like Eve, by angels."

Mrs More had a friend who resided with her as a companion, and of whose kind attentions she always spoke in the highest terms; this lady continued to live with her until her death, which did not take place until five years and a half after her removal.

But although Mrs More survived so long a time after she left Barley Wood, her health began soon after to fail. She had always been subject to inflammation of the chest, and she was now constantly suffering from slight attacks, although of a far less *severe nature* than those to which she had been *accustomed*. Other little complaints to which old

age is subject also affected her, so that she was scarcely ever well but for a very few days together.

About ten months before her death her faculties began to decline very fast, although the brilliancy of her talents had been gradually diminishing long before. Her cheerfulness and playfulness of disposition did not forsake her, and at no period did an impatient or querulous expression escape her lips, not even when suffering acute pain. A continual fever seemed to waste her strength; her memory forsook her; and her intellectual powers gave way to a degree of bewilderment from which she was only occasionally exempt. About a fortnight before her death her appetite suddenly failed, and she scarcely seemed to recognise those about her. These symptoms of a speedy departure increased until the 7th of September, when, without speaking, or any painful or convulsive affection, she calmly and quietly ceased to breathe.

Mrs More was in her eighty-ninth year when she died, and must be acknowledged as one of the most illustrious of English women. To splendid talents were united excellent sense and a piety which shewed its genuine nature in the universal beneficence which characterized her useful life. Prayer was the last thing that lived in her; and it is remarkable, that when her memory failed her in all other respects, she could remember, and frequently repeated, psalms and other portions of Scripture. The evening before her departure she smiled, and endeavoured to raise herself from her pillow a little, stretching out her hands as if *catching at* something; while making this effort

she uttered the word "Patty" (the name of her youngest and dearest sister), and exclaimed also very plainly, "Joy."

She expressed her firm reliance on the merits of her Saviour, utterly disclaiming any other dependence for salvation. She urged all around her to walk in the paths of religion, as the only way of attaining peace at the last; and seemed to interest herself for their welfare as long as consciousness remained.

LINES ON MRS HANNAH MORE.

GIFTED with talents of the noblest kind
That genius lends to benefit mankind,
Onward she went unscared by envy's frown,
To slander heedless, and to fear unknown;
Strong in her Master's cause, who in the power
Of love divine, endured the darkest hour
Of his atoning sufferings, to redeem
A guilty world, and win their love to him.
And thus his followers, by example taught,
Heedless, though every path with danger fraught
Tempt to dismay,—he march'd through sufferings on
To win for us the triumph and the crown,
The palm of victory, the heavenly rest,
The royal thrones, and mansions of the blest.
England's poor cottars, taught in youth by thee,
First learn'd a Saviour's love, and bent the knee
For pardon and for blessings at His throne
Where thou, all praise ascribed to Him alone,
Servant of God, the welcome found—"Well done!
Enter the rest prepared for his own!"

IV. MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

"Let such young women as are disposed to be vain of their comparatively petty attainments, look up to those contemporary shining examples, the venerable Elizabeth Carter and the blooming Elizabeth Smith. I knew them both; and to know was to venerate them. In them let our young ladies contemplate profound and various learning, chastened by true Christian humility. In them let them venerate acquirements which would have been distinguished at a university, meekly softened and beautifully shaded by the gentle exertion of every domestic virtue, the unaffected exercise of every feminine employment."—MOORE.

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH was born in 1776 at Burnham, near Durham, the beautiful residence of her paternal ancestors. At a very early age she displayed a great love of reading, and a steady application, unusual in childhood. All her undertakings were correctly performed; and the reflection which accompanied her pursuits, joined to her unwearied perseverance and brilliant talents, enabled her to acquire such a fund of knowledge as appears altogether extraordinary, considering the short span of existence allotted her.

When only thirteen, Miss Smith had made considerable progress in French, Italian, music, drawing, and botany, combined with an extensive knowledge of history and geography, both ancient and modern. To these acquirements, as opportunities

offered, she afterwards added German, Latin, Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persic. There is every reason to believe that she was first induced to study the learned languages, by hearing that Mrs Bowdler had acquired the Greek and Hebrew for the sole purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures in the original. This lady was very intimate with Mrs Smith, and it is thought that from her Elizabeth imbibed that love for study which afterwards so eminently characterized her.

The example of Mrs B. was no doubt influential in causing Miss Smith to attend seriously to religious duties; and that it pleased the Almighty to bless her in the pursuit, by a bestowment of a rich portion of his grace, was evidently proved by the Christian virtues displayed in her life, and the heavenly composure with which she received the awful summons of death.

It must be observed here of what inestimable value to Miss S. was the acquaintance of Mrs Bowdler. It led her to the acquirement of what procured her everlasting peace, and made her happy here and hereafter.

Be cautious, my young readers, I entreat you, in the choice of associates. Not only avoid the wicked, but mingle as little as possible with the thoughtless and frivolous; never make of them intimate friends. For, even if you have sufficient discernment to view their characters in a proper point of view, a constant communication with such persons may mislead you in the estimation of yourself. You will be apt to *imagine that* you possess a greater share of amiability

than is really the case; because you will be making comparisons, unmindful of the low standard of perfection over which you claim superiority. Then, again, if your minds should not be strong enough to resist the force of example, the society of the frivolous is still more dangerous. It will lead you to adopt their absurdities, cause you to waste your time, unnerve your mind, and indispose it for serious pursuits, deprave your taste, and produce incalculable evils. In the acquaintance of the good (and none can be so termed who are not religious, because religion is the only purifier of our nature) advantages are constantly arising. We see them acting in a manner that excites our admiration; we desire to imitate them: perhaps we may never reach their height of excellence, but we exert ourselves to the utmost, and obtain a station which we never should have attained had it not been for the benefit of their example.

But to return to our account of Miss Smith. Notwithstanding the time necessarily occupied in the acquirement of such extensive learning, this young lady found leisure for domestic employments, when a reverse of fortune rendered such occupations expedient. At the completion of Miss S.'s seventeenth year, some very unforeseen circumstances occurred, which deprived her father of his estate; and he and his family, consisting of a wife and four children, were suddenly bereft of the comforts of affluence, and plunged into comparative poverty.

This event caused the superiority of Elizabeth's character *to shine forth* in resplendent beauty. No

murmur escaped her lips—no repinings after lost comforts aggravated her present privations: on the contrary, she sought to reconcile her parents to the sad change, and lost no opportunity of pointing out every blessing that remained.

Mr Smith, after his reverses, embraced the military profession, and for some years his family were subject to all the discomforts of a residence in barracks, increased by frequent change of quarters. On their arrival in Ireland, to join the regiment for the first time, a most dismal change indeed awaited them. The whole furniture of their sitting-room consisted of half a cart-wheel instead of a fender, a bit of iron to serve for a poker, a dirty deal table, and four wooden chairs. Mrs Smith was much depressed: the sad sight of the miserable contrast which this apartment presented to those which she had been accustomed to occupy weighed heavily on her spirits. Lost in thought, she stood by the fire meditating, when Elizabeth, who doubtless guessed what was passing in her mother's mind, suddenly exclaimed, "Look, dear mother, what a convenience! here is a little cupboard." Mrs S. smiled faintly, while her beloved daughter continued to expatiate upon the advantages which would be derived from her discovery, using every endeavour to turn the channel of Mrs Smith's thoughts to future visionary prospects. A few days after, some of the family expressed a desire for a currant tart; but as they did not possess the necessary articles used in making pastry, it was considered unattainable. Elizabeth would not admit of this; she applied articles in their possession

as substitutes for those that were wanting, and succeeded in making an excellent pie. Then the manner in which all this was done was so admirable. Her jocular remarks at the contrivances to which she was obliged to have recourse, and her pleasantry and satisfaction at the success of her inventions, could not fail of producing in those around her a greater degree of contentment than they would otherwise have experienced. Although born and educated a lady, she did not think it any degradation to prepare the food, or assist in any other menial occupation. Too superior for paltry pride, her exalted mind was guarded by religion, the surest defence against such contemptible feelings.

Miss Elizabeth Smith assiduously studied and followed the precepts of the Holy Scriptures, of which she gave evident proof; for nothing but the exalted piety which she possessed could have enabled her in the bloom of youth to relinquish unrepiningly the charms of wealth, and to declare her perfect resignation in all things to the will of God. She made a gown or cap with as much skill as she displayed in solving a problem of Euclid; and nothing that she thought it right to do was ever neglected. No young lady ever dressed with more elegant simplicity, yet none could do it at less expense. Finery she avoided, yet she did not affect that extreme plainness of style which many people adopt, and which is often as much studied as the most fashionable costume. Miss Smith was as correct in this respect as in the rest of her conduct. It was evident that what she wore was to her *very immaterial*, provided it was consistent with

her station in life, and accorded with that neatness which she considered indispensable. Excess in dress is now very prevalent—the greater number of the population of our metropolis fall into this error; and to prove that it is a fault to which the simple and ignorant are peculiarly liable, it may be ascertained by observation, that none are more prone to this failing than servants and illiterate people. Let my young readers remember, that it is always in their power to distinguish themselves by that superiority of manners which usually accompanies a cultivated mind; and that their demeanour and conversation will much more decidedly evince their characters than the trimmings or materials of their clothing. Let the rich wear expensive apparel—it is suitable for them, and is beneficial to the community, as it encourages commerce; but let not the form and fashion of it engage the greater part of their time, and be to them of primary importance. I have seen old ladies devoting hours to consultations upon points of dress, which might have been suitably decided in almost as many minutes. This appears at first laughable, because we expect wisdom to be the companion of age; and when we see in its stead vanity and folly, we lose the respect which it would otherwise command, and it becomes ludicrous. But reflection will check the smile, and substitute in its place a tear. Alas! if such trifles fill the mind of those who are so soon to be clothed in a shroud, must we not fear that they are neglecting to seek for *that robe* of righteousness promised in the gospel *and which is* alone worthy of our anxiety?

But let us turn from so lamentable a contemplation, and return to the dear subject of these memoirs. Miss Smith was interesting in person; her countenance was sweetly expressive, and indicative of her fine mind. Her eyes had a peculiar character; and when in a contemplative mood, they plainly told of the deep sentiment in which she was wrapt.

In October 1800 Mrs Smith and her family left Ireland for the purpose of settling in their native country, in the hope that with strict economy they might be enabled to live comfortably, without being subject to constant change of residence. Living in barracks with four children had subjected them to continual discomforts, so that on their settling at Coniston, they experienced much satisfaction at possessing a home which they might endeavour to render agreeable and convenient, without the fear of being compelled to leave it.

Elizabeth was now very happy. The country had many charms for her: she took great delight in exploring the beautiful scenes of nature, and passed much time in the cultivation of flowers and the study of botany. Her principal pleasures consisted in the enjoyments of friendship, rural life, and literature. But as if conscious that her state of probation was approaching its termination, she sought to obtain as her chief good the knowledge and approbation of the Almighty. The Holy Scriptures became her principal study, and everything else was rendered subservient to them. Time thus occupied swiftly passed away, whilst the talents and virtues of Elizabeth *were continually* improving. Her constitution

appeared excellent, and no symptoms of debility were evinced: she would walk considerable distances, induced, from her admiration of the sublime and beautiful, to examine all the scenery around her residence.

One lovely evening, after walking about two miles, she seated herself upon a stone by the side of a lake, and, deeply interested in a book which she was reading, she was unobservant of the hour, and was aroused only by a sudden chill which seemed to affect her whole frame, particularly her chest. On rising she saw that the sun had set, and that a heavy dew had descended. Hastening homewards, she felt (to use her own expression) as if a knife was every now and then cutting her chest. Unwilling to alarm her family, she did not express her feelings of indisposition, hoping that a night's repose would remove them. This expectation was not fulfilled. The next morning was as beautiful as the preceding evening, but Elizabeth's painful sensations were not removed. It was exceedingly hot—the sun was shining brilliantly —and every one had left the house to repair to the hay-field, either to participate in the occupation, or to enjoy as spectators, the rural scene. Elizabeth took an active part in the business, vainly imagining that exercise would afford her relief; but she was again disappointed, and at last was obliged to confess herself unwell, as it became too evident for concealment.

From this time a cough, attended with other consumptive symptoms, betrayed the approaches of rapid *decline.* All medical assistance was vain—the disorder increased, and, as is often the case when little

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MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

One lovely evening she seated herself upon a stone by the side of a lake, and became deeply interested in the book she was reading.

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or no hope remains, her physician recommended change of air. In compliance with his advice, Elizabeth, with her mother and sister, went to Bath, where they had a kind friend, who exerted her utmost endeavours to promote the comfort of the invalid, and who most cordially received them as her guests.

Mrs Smith and her daughter amply experienced the blessing of true friendship. They had many friends who now lavished on them the most gratifying attentions; but, alas! of what avail were they, except to point out the insufficiency of earthly power. These kind and feeling hearts could not with all their money and influence console the distressed mother, or detain the pure spirit of the daughter from winging its flight to Heaven.

After remaining some time at Bath without any improvement in the health of Miss Smith, it was deemed expedient to return home to Coniston. Indeed, symptoms of the rapid progress of the disease were so evident during their visit, that all hope of recovery was extinguished. Elizabeth was perfectly conscious of the awful change which awaited her; but as her whole life had been a preparation for eternity, she looked forward with heavenly composure to her dissolution. She did not converse much on the subject, because she saw the pain that it inflicted on her surrounding relatives; but what she did say tended to reconcile them to her departure, from the conviction which her discourse conveyed, that their loss would be her eternal gain. She did not appear to think that her death was so near as was really the *case; yet to those* who attended her, it was sufficiently

apparent. The night before her departure she suffered much. Cold perspirations bedewed her face, and her breathing was attended with great pain and difficulty. Restless and uneasy, she could not sleep: her immortal spirit was about to depart from its earthly tenement, and the separation of the mystical union of soul and body was preceded by that state of commotion which is often the forerunner of death.

But the disquietude which Elizabeth experienced was not that of fear. Oh, no! she looked up in her mother's face, and smiled energetically; then, taking the hand of her distressed parent, she raised it to her lips, and thanked her for all her kind attentions. She could not remain in bed; she wished to rise and be dressed. Her situation resembled that of a person on the eve of a long and desired journey—she seemed as if expecting momentarily her summons. At six o'clock, at her desire, they began to put on her clothes; but the fatigue was too great. A faithful servant, who had lived with her parents a long time, was assisting in dressing her, when a sudden change of countenance in the invalid gave an alarm. Turpin threw her arms around her, when Elizabeth gently laid her hand on the faithful creature's shoulder, and after a slight struggle, during which she neither looked nor spoke, she expired.

Thus died Elizabeth Smith, at the early age of twenty-nine, to the great regret of all who had the pleasure and benefit of her acquaintance. But as it is evident that she was fit to depart, her early removal *ought to* be considered as proof of the goodness of *our Almighty* Father, who did not wish to pro-

long her state of probation beyond what was necessary.

This life is allowed to be a state of trial; and the experience of all mankind will unite to prove its insufficiency for the happiness of an immortal spirit. Therefore we ought to rejoice at the emancipation of our friends, when we are sure that they are God's elect. How the selfish feelings of humanity prevail, and would induce us to keep them here when ready for the skies, we all know. But let us in this, as in all other cases, not presume to murmur at the decrees of Providence. Our finite understandings cannot comprehend the Almighty, how then can we judge of His government? Submission is our duty; and we ought to make it our earnest prayer, that God would keep us humble and submissive. Humility is the foundation of Christian virtue; and where that has taken deep root in the heart, other Christian graces will soon spring up, to the destruction of that pride and worldly selfishness which occupy the minds of the unregenerate.

My dear young friends, never forget the purpose for which you were born. It was not that you should flutter about in the enjoyment of the pleasures of this world, without bestowing a thought upon that which is to come. What is even the longest life to which you can attain, when compared with the eternity beyond? While daily taught by the death of those much younger even than yourselves, that we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth" is *the solemn admonition* addressed to you by the voice

of Wisdom and Love, which calls you from the paths of sin, beset with dangers and sorrow, and with peril to your souls, and bids you follow in wisdom's ways, which are pleasant, and her paths, which alone are peace.

I shall transcribe a few of Miss Smith's observations, found among her papers after her decease, which tend to enforce what I have just asserted, that there is no happiness without religion, and that religion is not incompatible with youth.

"Being now arrived at years of discretion, I look back on my past life with shame and confusion. What hours I have squandered, and what opportunities of improvement I have neglected! I will endeavour to make amends for past negligence, by employing every moment that I can command to some good purpose; but to let the word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to mould myself as far as I am able according to the gospel of Christ; to be content while my trial lasts, and to rejoice when it is finished, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions to stand as a witness against me in case I should be inclined to forget them, and to return to my former indolence and thoughtlessness; because I have found the inability of mental determinations. May God give me strength to keep them!"

What beautiful sentiments are here expressed, and how worthy of the imitation of all who peruse them!

Another extract which I shall make, is as follows:—

"*No* event which I thought unfortunate has ever

happened to me, but I have been convinced, at some time or other, that it was not a misfortune, but a blessing. I can never then, in reason, complain of any thing that befalls me, because I am persuaded that it is permitted for some good purpose."

"When we think of the various miseries of the world, it seems as if we ought to mourn continually for our fellow-creatures. But when we consider all these apparent evils as dispensations of Providence, tending to correct the corruptions of our nature, and to fit us for the enjoyment of eternal happiness; we can not only look with calmness on the misfortunes of others, but receive those appointed for ourselves with gratitude."

"A happy day is worth enjoying; it exercises the soul for heaven. The heart that never tastes of pleasure, shut up, grows stiff, and is incapable of enjoyment. How then shall it enter the realms of bliss? A cold heart can receive no pleasure even there. Happiness is the support of virtue—they should always travel together, and they generally do so: when the heart expands to receive the latter, her companion enters of course. I believe it is impossible to be happy and wicked at the same time."

"It is declared in the Scriptures that 'the natural man knoweth not the things of God, neither can he comprehend them;' and I am convinced that this is true. God only requires the heart and affections; and, after these are devoted to him, He himself worketh all things within and for it. 'My son, give me thy heart;' all the rest is conformity and obedience. *This is* the simple ground of all religion.

which implies a re-union of the soul to a principle which it had lost in its corrupt and fallen state. Mankind have opposed this doctrine, because it has a direct tendency to lay very low the pride and elevation of the heart, and the perverseness of the will, and prescribes a severe mortification to the passions; it will be found, notwithstanding, in time or eternity, a most important truth."

"Look into the opinions of men—contemplate their great diversity, their complete opposition to each other; and where shall the serious reflecting mind find a peaceful station to rest upon? Not in human literature—not in the inventions of man, but in silence before the God of our lives, in pure devotion of the heart, and in prostration of the soul. The knee bends before the majesty of Omnipotence, and all the powers of the mind say, Amen."

Do not these short extracts give evidence of the soundest judgment, combined with a fine imagination and sweet style of expression? Yes, my young friends, Elizabeth Smith possessed so many excellencies, that when we reflect upon them, we can scarcely think her to be a being of our own imperfect nature. Her talents few are likely to possess, so highly was she gifted; but her piety and virtue are attainable by all who seek for them, as she did, by humble and fervent prayer to God for his Holy Spirit, and by making the Scriptures the principal study and rule of their lives; yet never forgetting, that with every possible self-exertion our only dependence is *on the* merits of that Saviour who will turn to those *who seek him*, and who will save at the last day the

souls who have earnestly endeavoured to follow his precepts.

May you, my young readers, be of this number. The season of your youth will soon pass away, and with it many of the pleasures which you most enjoy. In those which you anticipate with coming years, a canker-worm will be found of which you have now no idea. All here below is deceptive; things and persons are not what the lively fancy of youth imagines: the rich and great, who no doubt you think must be happy, are very often quite the reverse.

I do not wish to disgust you with this world, but merely to shew you the right road to happiness. You must follow the path that religion points out, and try to keep Contentment as your companion. Pleasure often assumes the semblance of the great good which we are all seeking, and passes herself off for Happiness. Take care how you trust her. Those pleasures alone are allowable which meet the approval of reflection; and if you are in doubt respecting the propriety of any proceeding, refer to that guide which will never deceive you, the Bible, and see there whether the desired indulgence is in conformity or nonconformity with the duty of a Christian; act agreeably to your conviction.

I shall close this little sketch with a few lines which I have written on the subject of this Memoir.

LINES, WRITTEN IN THE MEMOIRS OF ELIZABETH SMITH.

Oh thou, whose pure, exalted mind
Lives in this record, fair and bright;
Oh thou, whose blameless life combined
Soft female charms and grace refined
With science and with light.
Celestial maid! whose spirit soar'd
Beyond this vale of tears;
Whose clear, enlighten'd eye explored
The lore of years!

Daughter of heaven! if here, e'en here,
The wing of towering thought was thine;
If, on *this* dim and mundane sphere,
Fair truth illumed thy bright career
With morning star Divine;
How must thy blest, ethereal soul,
Now kindle in her noontide ray;
And hail, unfetter'd by control,
The fount of day.

E'en now, perhaps, thy seraph eyes,
Undimm'd by doubt, nor veil'd by fear,
Behold a chain of wonders rise,
Gaze on the noonbeam of the skies,
Transcendent, pure, and clear.
E'en now the fair, the good, the true,
From mortal sight conceal'd,
Bless in one blaze thy raptured view,
In light reveal'd!

If here, the lore of distant time,
And learning's flowers were all thine own;
How must thy mind ascend, sublime,
Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,
To light's unclouded throne.
How like a faint and shadowy dream,
Must quiver learning's brightest ray;
While on thine eyes, with lucid stream,
The sun of glory pours his beam,
Perfection's day.

V. MRS ELIZABETH BOWE.

MRS ELIZABETH ROWE.

Mrs Rowe was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in 1674. Her father, Mr Singer, first went to that town as a sufferer for non-conformity, during the reign of Charles II. Meeting there with a lady who took great interest in his case, in consequence of a similarity of sentiments, an acquaintance ensued, which terminated in a very happy marriage. Out of compliment to his wife, Mr Singer fixed his residence at Ilchester; but after her decease he removed to Frome, in the same county, devoting his time principally to the cultivation of his daughters' minds, and endeavouring as much as possible to supply the place of the affectionate mother whom they had lost.

Mrs Singer was one of those very superior characters rarely met with, and who appear occasionally in the world to excite emulation in the wiser portion of mankind, and to shew them to what a degree of amiability human nature may attain. Mrs Singer's death was indeed an irreparable loss to her children, of which their father was but too conscious; for frequently did he dwell upon the deprivation of the *many advantages* which Elizabeth and her sister

would have enjoyed had their mother's life been spared.

Having received from her parents a religious education, and possessing naturally a susceptible mind, Elizabeth early gave evidence of sound religious principles, and in mature life their sincerity was sufficiently evinced by the propriety of that conduct which they directed.

In early childhood she displayed a taste for music, painting, and poetry; but in the latter art she particularly excelled, and had written some very pretty poems before she attained her twelfth year.

Klopstock, the Milton of Germany, who is entitled to rank among the first order of poets, greatly admired Miss Singer's writings, and regretted that the circumstances of time, birth, and country, precluded personal acquaintance. Mr Singer remarked with pleasure the amiable qualities and fine talents of his daughter as they gradually expanded into notice. He well knew the necessity of giving a proper turn to the feelings in early life, and he assiduously performed this duty. Although he spared no pains in the cultivation of her mind, he pointed out religion as the truly important study, and as the only means of attaining that pure happiness which alone can satisfy an immortal being.

Miss Singer published her first production when she was about twenty-two years of age. It was a book of poems, on various subjects, written in a very pleasing style. Her poetical talents occasioned her to be introduced to Lady Weymouth's family, who became her zealous friends and patrons, and with

whom she continued on terms of intimacy through life.

The Hon. Mr Thynne, Lord Weymouth's son, took great pleasure in assisting to improve Miss Singer; and from his instructions she rapidly acquired a knowledge of the French and Italian languages.

Bishop Kern at that time resided with the Weymouth family, and he also took much delight in communicating, by his advice and conversation, information to the amiable Elizabeth. It was in pursuance of his counsel that she wrote her Paraphrase on the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, which is very excellently written, and procured her considerable reputation.

With such superior and talented people to honour her by their friendship and support, it necessarily followed that the ardent mind of Miss Singer acquired constantly additional desires for information. Gratified by the interest evinced in her favour, she sought to render herself deserving of it, and studied earnestly to become better as well as wiser. If young ladies generally were to follow her example in this point, the advantages such a practice would produce are incalculable. Who does not love the good? Every body does: even the most depraved, silently and inwardly at least, do homage to them. Who are the happiest people in this world? Those who are the best. That person approximates nearest to the nature of his Maker who deviates least from his commands; and though such a line of conduct may, *and does require* very strong and frequent exertions

of self-denial, even from the purest and holiest, yet the pleasure derived by the conquest is so far superior to any that sinful indulgences can bestow, that no comparison can be admitted. The most certain method that I would recommend to those of my young friends who may wish to improve their dispositions and purify their hearts, is to attend rigidly to the duty of self-examination. I think it a very excellent plan to reflect every night upon the events of the day; to let our conduct during that short period pass a review in reflection. Our faults have then been too recently committed to be forgotten, or to lose, by the lapse of time since their commission, any of their actual heinousness. A few minutes would suffice for the adoption of this rule, which might be fixed for either morning or evening; and I am confident, that from its regular and correct performance, the most beneficial results would arise. But we must be careful to divest ourselves as much as possible, in the pursuance of this plan, from that self-love which so often induces us to judge so differently of offences when committed by ourselves, to what we do when our neighbour is the offender. For instance, pride in another person appears in its proper disgusting form; in ourselves, it deceives us as self-respect. Avarice we abhor, but perhaps we cherish it in our own hearts, fancying it prudence. Detraction we despise; yet we allow ourselves the pleasure of speaking ill of the absent, endeavouring to justify the indulgence of the evil inclination under *the pretence* that it is necessary, either to prevent *our friend* from being deceived, or our own charac-

ters from unjust aspersion. These are some of the many delusions to which we are prone, and from which we must endeavour to liberate our judgment. Their existence too plainly proves the truth of the doctrine of original sin; for nothing but the corruption of our nature could cause such venomous springs of conduct to actuate us, when we, who are under their influence, are really ignorant of their agency. But in our endeavours to obtain improvement, we must not forget to implore the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, without which all our own efforts will be useless. Bishop Saunderson declares, that all study without prayer is atheism; and certainly he is correct in this opinion. For how can we give a greater proof of our infidelity of the Almighty's omnipotence, than by presuming to apply the powers of our minds to the solution of difficulties, without entreating the Great Giver of those faculties to be pleased to render them efficacious for the required purpose?

But to resume our subject. Mrs Rowe had a sister rather younger than herself, to whom she was most tenderly attached, and who enthusiastically returned her affection. If Mrs R. was absent, engaged in study, or in any other employment, her younger sister would come to her, reproaching her for her absence, and declaring that she could not endure a longer deprivation of her society.

While living together in this happy union, remarked by their acquaintances for their extraordinary affection, Elizabeth was taken suddenly ill. The disorder increased so rapidly that the physician became *alarmed, and expressed* his doubts of her recovery.

Dreadful as this information must have been to the younger sister, all selfish feelings were absorbed in the dread that her beloved Elizabeth was not prepared for so awful a change. Death is, indeed, a solemn thing, however we may be prepared for it; but when it suddenly arrests the gay and thoughtless in the midst of their pursuit of pleasure, pronouncing the dread sentence—"This night thy soul shall be required of thee;" then, indeed, it appears as the king of terrors. Thus it was with Elizabeth Rowe; she replied to her sister's interrogations as to her state of mind, only by exclamations of terror at the thought of appearing in an unprepared state in the presence of God. Her sister could only turn for mercy and aid, to him who took the sting from death, and triumphed over the grave. Kneeling by her sister's bedside, she prayed earnestly, with many sobs and tears, pleading for pardon and acceptance only through the all-atoning blood of Christ; while she besought that her beloved sister might be spared, and that both might be directed to that only refuge wherein the sinner can find safety. She arose from her knees composed and strengthened, and resumed her attendance on her with renewed hope.

Mrs Rowe recovered, to the great joy of her family; and for a time peace and happiness seemed restored to them. But transient and unstable was this tranquillity. The younger sister, who had so keenly felt the prospect of loosing her sister, was herself destined to be the first victim. Indisposition seized her, and with firm, though not ungentle grasp, quickly conveyed her to her Father's kingdom.

The distress of Mr Singer and his remaining daughter may be conceived; but its alleviation could not fail to be the result of reflection after the first poignancy of sorrow had subsided. They felt convinced that the dear departed one was in heaven. Could they then be selfish enough to wish her back again? No; they knew that they were mourning for themselves—for the loss of her society, and of those enjoyments which it produced. These convictions calmed those feelings of nature which bereavements of relatives and friends will arouse.

Elizabeth marvelled at the mercy of the Almighty so wonderfully displayed towards her; and from that time she devoted herself much to the practice of piety, in order to obtain the blessed hope of a certain reunion with her sister, after the termination of her own earthly existence. Time, which soothes in a degree all our sorrows, restored to Elizabeth sufficient composure to resume those studies alone which she had been accustomed to pursue in concert with her beloved sister. She had no taste for what is called pleasure; was ignorant of any game at cards, and avoided as much as possible formal visitings. Her delight was in intellectual enjoyments, in simple recreations, and social conversation.

In the year 1710 she married Mr Thomas Rowe, son of the Rev. Benoni Rowe, a non-conformist minister. Mr Rowe was thirteen years younger than his wife; and such a disparity on the wrong side might very well have predicted unhappiness as the result of their union. Such, however, was not the *case: they were congenial* in their sentiments, virtues,

and acquirements, and passed the short interval of five years together in the most perfect harmony and affection.

This concord was broken by the death of Mr Rowe, who became the victim of consumption at the early age of twenty-eight. For the benefit of the air, Mr and Mrs Rowe removed to Hampstead early in the year 1715, in the hope that its salubrity might improve the health of Mr R.; but intense study and sedentary habits, combined with a delicate constitution, had so fatally affected him, that all the remedies suggested by the affection of his wife, and the skill of his physicians, proved ineffectual. He expired in May, after an illness of seven or eight months continuance, attended by all those flattering and variable symptoms which usually accompany the disease. His remains were interred at Bunhill Fields, where a tomb was erected; and as soon as grief permitted his widow to have sufficient command of her feelings for the purpose, she wrote an elegant elegy to his memory, expressive of her deep affliction, and of his worth.

Mr Rowe appears to have well deserved this regret. He was a young man of genius, and possessed considerable learning; but what endeared him to the hearts of his relatives was his amiability. He would not have been deplored by his wife to the last of her existence, had it not been that his superior excellencies were constantly recurring to her mind. How beautiful is virtue! and how it embalms the memory *of the* dead! When time has ameliorated our sorrow, *we have* a melancholy pleasure in reflecting on the

past busy scenes of life in which our dear departed friend was engaged: we love to reflect upon his actions and opinions; and affection indelibly fixes his features in our remembrance. We think of the happiness of a re-union; and this idea is in itself a stimulus to enable us to follow him in the paths of Christian duty. Yes, the good man's power Death cannot destroy; it is a portion of the Deity, and is immortal. Many have been benefited by the records of just men's lives, and urged by their example to an imitation of their conduct. Thus, when their mortal remains have long mingled with their parent earth, and when no vestige of what was once the habitation of that soul can be distinguished by human eye, the actions of the spirit done in that body often still influence the living. Should not this conviction be an inducement for us to be careful of what example we present to mankind? All are in some degree influential, and may benefit or injure others; but the heads of families, and parents in particular, have a great responsibility in the pattern which their own conduct offers for the imitation of their children and dependents.

Time diminished the poignancy of Mrs Rowe's affliction, yet she continued to lament her loss for the remainder of her existence, and never could converse respecting her departed husband without shedding tears. She took every opportunity of testifying her respect for his family by continual acts of kindness and courtesy.

During Mr Rowe's life-time his residence had been *principally in London*, and his wife had always been

too much devoted to his wishes ever to display dissimilarity when they accorded not with her own. Now that he was no more, Mrs R. resolved to devote the remainder of her life to retirement and benevolence, for which purpose she left the metropolis for Frome, wishing to end her days in the scenes among which she had passed her childhood and youth.

In this seclusion she wrote most of her best works; among which may be included her "Letters Moral and Entertaining," her "History of Joseph," and her "Letters from the Dead to the Living;" which last production displays a visionary turn of mind, increased, no doubt, by the retired manner in which she lived. Yet all the writings of this lady inculcate such benevolence and piety, and recommend so forcibly the practice of purity and virtue, that they cannot fail of imparting beneficial effects to an impartial reader.

Mrs Rowe occasionally left her retreat to pay visits to her friends, particularly when seasons of affliction rendered her presence and consolations peculiarly acceptable. She was always too desirous of being useful to her fellow-creatures ever to omit an opportunity of serving them when it was in her power. She passed some months in London with the Hon. Mrs Thynne, when that Lady had the misfortune to lose her daughter, Lady Brook; and when Mrs Thynne died, she went to Marlborough, to soften by her kindness and commiseration the grief of the Countess of Hertford, on the death of her invaluable *mother.* Her charity to the distressed was extended *to the greatest* degree of liberality; she devoted half

of her income to this purpose, and made it her custom to seek for proper objects on whom she might bestow her bounty. Those who had fallen from respectable stations by unavoidable calamities, it was her delight to relieve in the most delicate and soothing manner, and no doubt she was amply repaid for her kindness by those highly pleasurable feelings excited only by the performance of good deeds, and of which the narrow and selfish mind can have no conception.

Although Mrs Rowe lived in retirement, her life was active in the true sense of the term, for it was occupied principally in benefiting others. The profits of many of her works were devoted to the poor; and she frequently bestowed upon them her time, by assisting in the instruction of their children, in whose young minds she tried to implant the strongest and firmest principles of virtue.

It was her custom when she went out, to furnish herself with various pieces of money of different value, that she might be enabled to relieve, according to her discretion, any distress with which she might come in contact. She used frequently to say that she never parted unwillingly with her money, except when it was necessary to expend it upon herself. How many of us might with truth express the reverse of this sentiment, and declare that self is the only object upon which it is lavished unsparingly; and that when called for in the way of charity, it is often given with a niggard hand.

There is one quality in the character of Mrs Rowe *highly estimable*, and which well deserves our imita-

tion. It is positively affirmed, that she had obtained such a command over her passions, that no circumstances, even of the most provoking nature, could for a moment ruffle her temper, or excite the least symptom of anger. It is questioned whether she had ever been angry in her life: displeased she must have been very often, as well as the rest of mankind, but she controlled the feeling, keeping it within its proper limits, and thus succeeded in improving her naturally good temper to such a degree, that its sweetness and even tenor were universally remarked by those who enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance. As she was very sensitive, it is evident that she must have been susceptible of anger; but her constant endeavours to suppress the evil of her nature, enabled her to obtain the ascendancy in this as well as in many other points. I wish that my young readers would be emulous in following this example. What pain they would save themselves, and what pleasure they would both give and receive. The indulgence of ill-humour does not remove the offending cause, or in any degree diminish its disagreeable effects. Of what then is it productive? Of increasing the evil. It represents it in a worse point of view than it deserves, because anger usually magnifies offences. Persons who support the unavoidable ills of life with equanimity and patience, do their utmost to diminish them; while those of bad temper add considerably to their poignancy.

I need scarcely mention, that ill-temper in a young *lady is* so great a defect, that its existence tarnishes *every* amiable quality which she may possess. What

sensible girl is there, then, who would not try to root from her mind a weed of such a poisonous nature? Will she be esteemed while suffering from such an infirmity? No—it destroys amiability; and although an ill-tempered female may possess a good disposition, she is destitute of that real mildness and meekness of spirit which ought to characterise females in particular, and which is by no means incompatible with necessary firmness and decision. Youth is the season for cultivating the mind, and consequently the time for exterminating bad passions; but unfortunately it frequently happens that at this age self-conceit is so predominant, that it conceals all defects, and represents to the imagination perfections which exist only in its own creative fancy. How true are the poet's expressions on this subject!

> ———" When young, indeed,
> In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
> Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
> As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise."—YOUNG.

Mrs Rowe's health had always been excellent, which was attributable, in a great degree, to the calmness of her mind, and to the observance of uniform temperance. She was apprehensive that an illness previous to dissolution might render her less fit to meet death, than if summoned without being subjected to long sickness, and she often expressed her wish for a sudden removal. This desire was granted in a remarkable manner, as it pleased God to visit her with a sudden attack of apoplexy, at about ten in the evening, which terminated her existence *in less than four hours*. On the day preced-

ing her death, she appeared perfectly well and cheerful, and conversed with a friend who called upon her with unusual vivacity. She retired to her chamber early, and soon after a noise was heard in the apartment, which caused her servant to enter. Mrs Rowe was extended on the floor, speechless and senseless. Medical aid was unavailing; she remained in that torpid state until two in the morning, when, with only one sigh, she expired.

Religious books were lying by her, which proved that her last moments had been very suitably occupied for the sudden change.

In conformity to her wish, she was buried at Frome, by the side of her father. A plain monument marks the spot where they repose—no more to rise until they hear the trumpet of the archangel summoning the dead to the judgment-seat of Christ.

Mrs Rowe had long been wishing for a termination to her earthly existence. She frequently expressed herself to this effect, in conversing with her friends, and in her private memorandums. When she was congratulated on looking so well, and told that the goodness of her health seemed to insure many years to come, she would smile, and say, "That it was like complimenting a prisoner on the strength of his prison walls." What an enviable state of mind must she have possessed to be so desirous of death, even while she had all that contributes to make life desirable—at least what is generally thought to do so—health, peace, friends, and competence. Nor did her age preclude her from en-

joyments, as she had not completed her sixty-third year when she died. Her desire for death, though content to await the Almighty's time, shews her fitness to depart, and is the only state in human life worthy of our envy. Yes; it is in this point that I would have you, my young friends, imitate Mrs Rowe. That person who is prepared for his summons to another world, is the only one truly happy in this. Riches and honours cannot give happiness, but true religion can, and does. Ask, then, of God for this inestimable treasure, and, if you seek it as directed in his holy word, it will not be withheld from you.

Mrs Rowe left several letters addressed to different friends. These epistles were superscribed to be delivered after her decease, and were published and prefixed to her works. One of them was for Dr Watts, to whom she sent her Devout Exercises. Piety and affectionate regard were manifested throughout these letters, and they were doubtless much valued by their possessors, as tokens of remembrance of their dear departed friend.

Her modesty was conspicuous in the orders which she left relative to her funeral. She desired that it might be by night, attended only by a few mourners, and that no stone or inscription should be placed over her grave, nor mention made of her by the clergyman from the pulpit.

The most distinguished characters of the age were among the friends of Mrs Rowe. By the Countess of Hertford she was particularly lamented, and this lady composed a beautiful elegy to her memory. The *Duchess of Sutherland*, the Earl of Orrery, Matthew

Prior, and Dr Watts, all enjoyed the pleasure of her friendship, and deplored her loss. Her biographer, Mr Theophilus Rowe, her husband's brother, speaks of her in the highest terms, as will appear from the following extract:—

"Her stature was moderate; her hair fine auburn; her eyes darkish grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, and a beautiful blush tinged her cheeks. She spoke gracefully; her voice was sweet and harmonious, suited to the gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect were beyond all description: they inspired irresistible love, yet not without some mixture of that awe and veneration which distinguished sense and virtue, apparent in the countenance, are wont to create."

It is also said of this truly amiable lady, that she was never known to make an invidious or ill-natured reflection upon any person. Detraction appeared to her an inhuman vice, for which no wit could atone. She fortified her resolutions against a severe and acrimonious spirit by particular and solemn vows. Although she deplored the follies of mankind, she chose not to expatiate on the melancholy theme. Her society was delightful, for she added to peculiar powers of conversation the most perfect ingenuousness, with unaffected sweetness and ease, united to the sublimest and purest sentiments.

Her poetry is particularly distinguished for its softness and harmony; in allusion to which Mrs *Rowe had* the poetical name of Philomela given to

her, which is similar in signification to her maiden name of Singer.

We must now bid adieu to this charming woman, earnestly entreating those young people for whose benefit and amusement these particulars are related to endeavour to follow her in the practice of those virtues with which she was so beautifully adorned, and which are within the reach of all who will earnestly try to obtain them.

LINES ON MRS ROWE.

TALENTS and worth, when they unite
Our various feelings to delight,
Present a source of pleasure, given
To charm on earth, and lead to heaven.

The rose is still the favourite flower
In almost every sunny bower;
It is its worth that wins esteem,
Its fragrance and its beauties gleam.

Were its fine colour all its boast,
Had it its odorous perfume lost;
It would not bear such sovereign sway,
But, like a weed, be cast away.

But when its roseate beauty's fled,
And withering leaves fall round its bed,
It still embalms the passing air,
Though life no longer lingers there.

Thus, too, of Rowe it may be said,
That even when number'd with the dead,
Still in her writings we may find
As fragrant offerings for the mind.

The perfume taken from the flower,
Gives fragrance to the leafless bower;
So worth its traces leaves behind,
Through this dark world to guide mankind.

VI. MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

MRS ELIZABETH CARTER.

ELIZABETH CARTER was born on the 16th December 1717 at Deal, in Kent. She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D., rector of Woodchurch and of Ham, and one of the six preachers in the cathedral church of Canterbury. Her mother was the only daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne, of Bere, in the county of Dorset.

Elizabeth received a learned education, in which her father was her instructor. So slowly did she progress, and such were the impediments presented by nature, in her want of ability to her acquirement of the dead languages, that he repeatedly urged her to give over the attempt. But she had so great a desire to become a scholar, that she persevered with unwearied ardour; and her conduct and its effects afford striking proof of the powers of industry, when regularly and rigidly adopted.

So intensely did she study, that a part of the night was frequently devoted to books; and it is imagined, that the frequent and violent headaches to which she was subject during life, were first brought on from the impaired state of her health, occasioned by this *injurious practice.*

She lost her mother before she had completed her eleventh year; but yet those feminine accomplishments which it is peculiarly the mother's duty to superintend, were not neglected. She was placed for some time at Canterbury, for the purpose of improvement, in the family of a French refugee minister. Here she acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language, in which she conversed with the fluency of a native; and was taught also music and needlework.

She displayed a taste for poetry at a very early period, and published a collection of poems, which were written before she had attained her twentieth year: they had for motto a quotation from Euripides, written in Greek, the translation of which is, "These things are nothing." Indeed, such was the piety of Miss Carter, that she thought all things trifling that had not for their object the advancement of religion.

She acquired a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, in all of which her proficiency was very considerable; but in Greek she was so well versed, that Dr Johnson, speaking of a celebrated scholar, declared that he understood Greek better than any one he knew, except Elizabeth Carter. The Italian, Spanish, and German languages were soon added to her store; and, later in life, she acquired the Portugese and Arabic. Geography and astronomy were included in her studies, particularly ancient geography, in which she took much delight.

But the immense acquisition of learning which Elizabeth Carter obtained would not have qualified *her to be* presented as an example to young people, *had it* not been accompanied by that fervent and

genuine piety, without which she could not have been fit for imitation. Elizabeth was a truly pious woman; she took great pleasure in acquiring knowledge, but she made it all subservient to her duty. The Scriptures were studied daily, and the practice of their precepts constantly adhered to. No engagement was allowed to interfere to prevent the regular reading of the Bible, nor worldly prudence suffered to urge a deviation from the conduct it enjoins.

But although religious, she was not the less lively, gay, and cheerful to the last of her existence. Indeed it is asserted, that she was very fond of dancing, and subscribed to assemblies during that time of life when such amusements are attractive. How she found time for all her acquirements is astonishing; for drawing, painting, and the mathematics were mastered, though not with that eminent success which attended her classical pursuits.

Miss Carter was rather handsome. Her complexion was fair, her features good, and her hair hung in natural curls; but her figure did not correspond with her face—it had no pretensions to grace or beauty. Her manners were extremely pleasing; and her extensive learning, and numerous accomplishments, introduced her into very superior society, which, increasing as she became more known, soon caused her to possess a large circle of acquaintances, many of whom proved friends in the true meaning of the word.

It is thought that at an early age she had formed the determination of never marrying, as that would have occasioned an interruption to those literary pur-

suits which seemed to constitute her chief delight. Certain it is, that she refused several excellent offers; one in particular, when she was nearly thirty years of age, which was highly advantageous.

Dr Carter, her father, knew that his death would leave her unprovided for, and consequently he advocated this match as strenuously as his principles would permit; but Elizabeth declined the overture, as she could not accept it without sacrificing her own happiness.

The year 1739 first introduced her to the world as a writer in prose as well as in verse. Her first work was a translation from the French of the Critique of Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man. Crousaz was a man of piety as well as genius, and was strongly impressed with the idea that the Essay on Man was deeply tinctured with fatalism, and hostile to revealed religion. Miss Carter rather endeavoured to moderate her author's criticism by the notes prefixed to her work, as it was her opinion that Pope himself was not aware of the tendency of the Essay. This translation induced many people to examine the philosophical tendency of the poem, who had before been blinded by its beauties; and Pope's reputation has been thought to have declined in consequence. Yet Miss Carter thought highly of Pope's genius, although there was never any intimacy between them.

Soon after Miss Carter published her translation of Algarotti's *Newtonianisme pour le Dame*, which is, in English, "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained, for the use of Ladies." This work is now very scarce.

From the age of nineteen Miss Carter was accustomed to spend her winters in London, where she had an uncle whom she regularly visited; but her acquaintance in town soon became so extensive, that he enjoyed but little of her society. Here she became acquainted with Dr Johnson, for whom she always expressed the highest esteem. His "Lives of the Poets," which deprived him of the friendship of many in consequence of the envy and ill-nature visible in some parts, did not diminish her regard; she attributed those expressions to the morbid irritability caused by the bodily indisposition from which the Doctor was then suffering.

In the days of Miss Carter, learning among women was much more rare than at the present time. Communications between the residents of London and those in the country were less frequent, in a general way, than is now the case. These circumstances gave rise to a singular letter, written to Miss Carter by one of her sisters, many years younger than herself, during Miss C.'s visit to London. "Here 's all Deal," says she, "in amazement, at your wishing to be a member of the Parliament House. Pray let us know in your next whether it is a jest, or whether you really want to become one." How a report so absurd arose, cannot be ascertained; but certainly it did not originate in any desire of Miss Carter's for homage or publicity. She was at every period of her life averse to distinctions, when they were accompanied by exuberant flattery or falsehood, and wished to be treated without consideration of that great store *of learning which she* possessed.

Of this she gave proof by a letter which she addressed to an early and intimate friend, who, from the importance which she attached to Miss Carter, in consequence of the distinctions which her acquirements obtained for her, treated her with a respect and deference that was extremely disagreeable to Miss C. To shew this lady the absurdity of her conduct, she wrote her the following epistle :—

"*To Miss* ———

"*November*, 1742.

"It is with the utmost diffidence, dear Miss ——, that I venture to do myself the high honour of writing to you, when I consider my own nothingness and utter incapacity of doing any one thing upon earth. Indeed I cannot help wondering at my own assurance in daring to expose my unworthy performance to your accurate criticisms—which, to be sure, I should never have presumed to do if I had not thought it necessary to pay my duty to you—which, with the greatest humility, I beg you to accept. Unless I had as many tongues in my head as there are grains of dust between this place and Canterbury, it is impossible for me to express the millionth-part of the obligations I have to you. But people can do no more than they can; and therefore I must content myself with assuring you, that I am, with the sublimest veneration, and most profound humility,

"Your most devoted, obsequious, respectful, obedient, obliged, and dutiful humble servant,

"E. CARTER.

"*I know* you have an extreme good knack at

writing respectful letters; but I shall die with envy if you outdo this."

This humorous letter had the desired effect of rendering her friend less distant, and testifies Miss Carter's dislike to formality.

At the early age of twenty-two she was celebrated for learning, and had acquired connexions among the highest ranks and the first literary characters of the day; yet not one spark of pride or vanity was discernible in her demeanour. That true humility which springs from real piety always led her to ascribe the superior powers which she possessed to the Great Author of all good, and increased her gratitude for the many blessings with which He had been pleased to favour her.

Elizabeth undertook the complétion of the education of her youngest brother, who was designed for the Church. Dr Carter willingly resigned to her this task, as his own health and spirits were unequal to the necessary exertion. This engagement interrupted her usual journey to London. But she completed what she had undertaken entirely to her own and father's satisfaction, and in the year 1756 her pupil was entered at Cambridge. He was the first college student, most probably, who was indebted for his previous education to a female; which circumstance excited great surprise when known at the university. He acquitted himself at college with reputation; and for many years possessed the living of Little Wittenham, in Berkshire.

Miss Carter was in her thirty-second year when *she began her translation* from Greek into English

of Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher. This work was undertaken at the desire of her friend, the pious and accomplished Miss Talbot, enforced by the Bishop of Oxford. It was not originally intended for publication, and much entreaty from her friends was requisite to induce her to consent to its being presented to the public. She wrote it leisurely, as her time would allow, during the period that she was engaged in educating her brother. She was rather apprehensive that the stoical opinions of Epictetus might have an injurious tendency in some minds when published. To prevent this, she added notes to her translation, calculated to prevent such an effect.

Much correspondence took place between Miss Carter, Miss Talbot, and the Bishop of Oxford, respecting this work, which the Bishop himself looked over, and approved of highly. Some slight alterations were suggested, and Epictetus was presented for inspection to James Harris, Esq., M.P., a critical Greek scholar. This gentleman gave his approval of the performance, and strongly urged its publication. The Bishop of Norwich (Dr Hayter), and Dr Wishart, Principal of Edinburgh College, received intimation of Miss Carter's translation, and the appearance of such a work by a lady became matter of conversation among the learned. Miss Carter's task of translating Epictetus was finished about the same time that her attendance to her brother's education terminated, when he went to Cambridge for its completion. Thus liberated, she went to London; and as she preferred private lodgings that she might be free from restraint, Miss Talbot took apartments

her in St Paul's Churchyard, opposite to the ıth door of the church. This situation was chosen ıt she might be near her friend, Miss T., who ided at the Deanery, the Bishop's residence.

The printing of Epictetus was begun in June 57, and was not finished till April 1758. It was one large quarto, 505 pages, besides 34 pages of Inıduction. There were 1018 copies printed first; but they were not sufficient for the supply of the subscriıs, in the following July 250 more were produced. ro editions, each of them in two volumes duocimo, were afterwards published, and one since ə decease of Mrs Carter. It was printed by subıiption; and the price was a guinea. There were 38 subscribers, principally consisting of persons ıinent in station as well as in literature. The profits this work produced nearly a thousand pounds—a sum ıich in those days far exceeded our present estimaın of such an amount. It sold so well, that several ars after its publication Dr Secker, then Archıhop of Canterbury, shewed Mrs Carter a bookller's catalogue, saying to her, "Here, Madam ırter, see how ill I am used by the world; here are y sermons selling at half-price, while your Epicteıs, truly, is not to be had under eighteen shillings." The work was much admired and talked of as soon published, and the extraordinary circumstance of translation from the Greek, of so difficult an author, a woman, made a great noise throughout Europe. ren in Russia, an account was published of her, ıich was, on the whole, pretty correct. Among e literati and higher classes of her own country, it

caused her to be known, and generally properly appreciated; although instances were not wanting of envy and malignity, which endeavoured to deprive her of her just fame, by attributing the work to her father and the Bishop of Oxford.

After the publication of her Epictetus, Mrs Carter's circumstances became so easy, that she was no longer wholly dependent on her father, although she always considered Deal as her home. She regularly passed the winter in London, and engaged lodgings in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, which she retained for many years; but, when in town, she was constantly engaged by some of her numerous connexions, who regularly sent their carriages for her, and sent her back in the same way.

In the year 1762 she purchased a house at Deal, which her father rented of her; and as her mother-in-law was dead, and all her brothers and sisters married, she and her father resided together. Upon her devolved the task of managing their little establishment; and to one of her friends, who was regretting that her time should be so engaged, she made the following sensible reply:—"I have very little domestic occupation in our small family; but as to any thing of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head was of much more consequence than it is. The true post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which, we may be *assured*, is the very situation best calculated for virtue and our happiness." What correct sentiments

are here expressed! If they were generally adopted, they would correct those feelings of discontent which prevail so much in the world; for if we were convinced that we are happier in the station allotted us by Providence than we should be in any other, this conviction would reconcile us to the discomforts attendant on our condition.

Mrs Carter continued her annual visits to London, and passed the remainder of her time at Deal, until the year 1774, when she lost her father. Previous to this event, she accompanied Mrs Montagu, a particular friend, and Lord Bath, and their families, on a continental trip. From Calais they went to Germany, proceeding down the Rhine to Holland; from thence, through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk, to Calais again.

Mrs Carter describes Calais as surpassing her expectation: she imagined it a miserable dirty place, but considers it a pretty clean town. She admired the politeness of the French, although she expresses her dislike of their mixture of finery and dirt, so common among the lower classes.

At Lisle the party went to a convent, and had some discourse with the nuns. They observed to one that she appeared *bien contente;* to which she answered, with more sense than enthusiasm, "Quand on a pris une vocation, on seroit bien folle de n'en être pas contente." They asked whether it was possible to see the inside of the convent; to which she answered very archly, "Pas, sans y rester au moins;" at which the little rogue of a page, who attended *them, laughed heartily.*

The decorations of the altars in the churches, Mrs Carter describes as more suitable for the toilette of a fine lady than for a place dedicated to the solemn service of religion; and the vestments and motions of the Catholic priests, as having more the air of a pantomime than a solemn religious office.

They stayed some time at Spa, twenty-one miles from Liege, as Lord Bath had been recommended to drink the waters. They dined several times with the reigning prince, who is represented by Mrs Carter as a very agreeable man, and who received them with much courtesy. Mrs Carter mingled with the first circles at Spa, which, as it was the height of the season, was resorted to by the royal families of Russia, Brunswick, and many others of the German nobility.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, Mrs Carter visited the great church where Charlemagne was buried. He lies in the centre of the building; and over the spot hangs a crown of brass of several feet diameter; his head and arms are kept by way of relics in another part of the church. His baths they also saw; they were in small close rooms, so strongly impregnated with the smell of sulphur, that the party was glad to hurry away as fast as possible.

Of the Dutch, Mrs C. observes that they offer a most complete explanation of what is meant by "stock-still," as they seem without motion either in their limbs or features.

The Cathedral at Cologne excited much admiration from the party: it is a beautiful Gothic building, *richly* ornamented with pictures of saints, relics, &c.,

among which they saw about 400 skulls, ornamented with jewels and pearls.

At Antwerp the travellers were delighted with the sight of many of the beautiful paintings of Rubens and Vandyke, who were both natives of this place; they went also to view the noble cathedral, and as it happened to be the Feast of the Virgin, who is the patroness of the city, the music was in consequence exquisitely fine.

On their arrival at Bruxelles, they were surprised at seeing the windows shattered to pieces, and mended with paper panes. Upon inquiry, they were informed that a few weeks before a storm of hail had fallen, the hailstones weighing nearly a pound. It did not last more than ten minutes, and providentially occurred at about two in the morning, or in all probability many lives would have been lost. The storm was accompanied with such lightning, that people thought the city was on fire. The next day, after being much melted, hailstones were seen in the streets as large as walnuts. The magistrates were obliged to send to other countries for glass to assist in repairing the windows. The price of this article was in consequence so much raised, that it cost the landlord of the inn where Mrs C. was staying upwards of fifty pounds to mend his windows.

The frequent headaches to which Mrs Carter was subject, and her inability to endure much fatigue, often compelled her during this trip to remain at home while her friends were viewing different places of curiosity. Yet no murmur on this account ever escaped her; on the contrary, she often makes these

infirmities subjects of laconic remarks in her letters to her friends.

Lord Bath did not derive any permanent benefit from the Spa waters, for he died unexpectedly the following summer. The whole of his property descended to his brother, Lieutenant-General Pulteney, who survived this immense acquisition of wealth but two or three years. As he had no children, he left his fortune to Frances, wife of William Johnstone, Esq., who then took the name of his lady's family, and became afterwards, by the death of the Baronet, his elder brother, better known by the name of Sir William Pulteney. As soon as the contents of the General's will were known, Mr and Mrs Pulteney settled an annuity of one hundred pounds upon Mrs Carter, by way (as they delicately expressed it) of fulfilling what they were sure was the intention of Lord Bath. Mrs Carter declared that she had no right to expect any such legacy from his Lordship; but the transaction was conducted with so much genuine kindness on the part of these generous friends, that Mrs Carter accepted, with gratitude, their munificent donation. Some years after Sir William added fifty pounds to the yearly annuity, in consequence of the increased value of things since its grant.

About a twelvemonth before she received this generous donation, Mrs Carter shared with her brothers and sisters £14,000 left to them by their uncle, Dr Carter's brother, with whom Mrs C. *passed* a portion of her time during her yearly visits *to London.*

Her circumstances were now very good, but her habits of life still continued plain and simple. Her dress was always delicately neat and clean, but not expensive; and the Hungary or Lavender water with which she was accustomed to bathe her head, constituted the whole of her expense in perfumery, cosmetics, &c. She was temperate in diet, and never took more than one glass of wine a day. But sparing as she was to herself, she was liberal and bountiful to others, and thought it right to live in a style suitable to her income, and to keep up an intercourse with her neighbours. After her father's death, she no longer kept a carriage, but she continued to live with much hospitality, and was universally beloved. Her talents and acquirements seemed to sleep, when their appearance might have made the company sensible of their own deficiences.

Mrs Carter received another present of an annuity of a hundred a-year from her old friend Mrs Montagu, who, after her husband's death, finding that the whole of his large property devolved to her, could not refuse herself the pleasure of enlarging Mrs Carter's means of doing good. She received besides other legacies from her friends; for the advanced age to which she lived caused her the melancholy reflection of having survived all her early associates.

Mrs C. had the misfortune to lose Miss Talbot, to whom she was particularly attached. This lady died of a cancer at the age of forty-nine, leaving an aged mother of eighty. Miss Talbot's works were submitted for inspection to Mrs Carter, who selected *many of them for* publication.

Mrs Carter had the happiness of including among her numerous circle of friends Lady Charlotte Finch, in whose apartments she had more than once met the Princesses. Her Majesty, in consequence, hearing Mrs Carter spoken of in high terms, desired that she should be introduced to her. Accordingly Mrs Carter received this distinguished honour at the house of Lady Cremorne. The Queen entered into conversation with her with such condescension as soon caused Mrs C. to feel quite at her ease; and among other topics, German literature became the subject of discourse. After this interview her Majesty did her the honour of lending her German books, and of sending her very flattering and obliging messages.

Mrs Carter had often met the Duke of Cumberland at Lady Charlotte Finch's; and, about two years before her death, his Royal Highness came to Deal to inspect the regiment of which he was Colonel. One day he did Mrs Carter the honour of calling upon her, leaving the officers who were going to dine with him and his attendants at the end of the street; he stayed with her about half-an-hour, conversing in the most friendly manner. Of course Mrs Carter felt highly gratified, and so did her neighbours; for many of them collected round the house, desirous of seeing a fine young man of that exalted rank, whose amiability led him to pay so marked an attention to their venerable and respected townswoman.

A short time before the Duke's visit, the Princess of Wales was at the Isle of Thanet. Her Royal *Highness* knew Mrs Carter from report only, but *sent* her a message that she intended coming to Deal

to take tea with her at her usual hour, from which she would not suffer her to depart. Her Royal Highness came, accompanied by two ladies, a little before six o'clock, and stayed above two hours, conversing with Mrs Carter on the different manners and customs of the English and Germans, on literature, and various other subjects.

Thus was this learned and good lady honoured and respected. Her life glided calmly on, occasionally interrupted by those sorrows which the loss of intimate connexions could not fail to produce in so sensitive a mind and to which her very extensive circle and great age naturally subjected her.

After the third edition of her poems, she ceased to write for publication, and amused herself with reading the works of others. She was extremely partial to writers of her own sex, and always thought that women had not their proper station in society, and that their mental powers were not rated sufficiently high. Yet she never wished that they should interfere with the privileges of the other sex, but was of opinion that they were generally esteemed by men inferior to what they really were.

During the summer of 1805 she had been in a very low and declining state. She thought herself dying, but had a most anxious desire to see all her friends in London once more. As the time drew near for her annual visit, she seemed to gain strength; and her wish to go induced her to exert herself to the utmost. Before she left Deal, she had the whole of her will read, and explained to her relations her *wishes respecting* the execution of it. She set out

for London, December 23, and arrived at her lodgings the following day. For some time after she seemed improved in health, and was able to dine several times with her old friend Lady Cremorne. In January a change for the worse was very evident; her strength rapidly declined, and before the close of the month she was confined to her bed. Her senses remained till within a few hours of her decease. She was perfectly prepared for the change that awaited her, and expired, without a groan or struggle, February 19, 1806, in the 89th year of her age,

Mrs Carter was buried, according to her own request, as privately as possible, though many of her friends were desirous of attending, and wished to pay every respect to her remains. She was intered in the burial-ground of Grosvenor Chapel (an appendage to the church of St George, Hanover Square, in which parish she died), and was attended to her grave by her nephews. It was her particular wish to be buried wherever she might happen to die, and that her funeral should be as plain as propriety would permit. It was in compliance with these wishes that she was not removed to Deal. A monument was erected to her memory in the chapel of her native town; and a stone, with an epitaph, marks the spot where she lies in Grosvenor Chapel.

Her property was left among her relations, in such proportions as were suitable to their various situations in life, with a few legacies to friends and servants.

Thus closed the term of Elizabeth Carter's existence: through life she had eternity always in view, and when death came, she was both ready and willing to depart.

LINES

ON

MRS ELIZABETH CARTER.

Led on by Genius in thy early youth,
The classic page of learning to explore;
Ardent in search of Revelation's truth,
Each point obtained but made thee seek for more.

Yet briers and thorns bestrew'd thy path to Fame,
And mists obscur'd her temple from thy view;
But Industry to thy assistance came,
And soon dispersed the clouds as morning dew.

What dazzling prospects then appear'd in sight,
Teeming with treasures of more weight than gold!
With eager steps thou sought'st to reach their height,
Anxious the hills of Science to behold.

To Industry thou gav'st thy willing hand,
And begg'd her aid the summit to attain;
"Have patience then," said she, "we'll reach you land,
"If Perseverance will attend our train.

"But think not without Trouble to succeed,
"She's always seen where worth we seek to obtain;
"Nor would we from her company be freed;
"To conquer her is oft a pleasing pain."

To this advice thou gav'st a willing ear,
Counsell'd by Wisdom, onward bent thy way;
Attain'd the summit, without dread or fear,
E'er yet had flown the noon of life's brief day.

VII. LADY RUSSEL.

LADY RUSSEL.

LADY RUSSEL was born in the year 1636, and was the daughter of the Earl of Southampton, a nobleman of known worth, universally and justly esteemed.

Lady Rachael was first married to Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of the Earl of Carberry; but as her life then glided on unmarked by those peculiarities which claim public attention, no particulars are supplied for any account respecting her previous to her second marriage.

In 1669 she became the wife of Lord Russel, son of William, Earl of Bedford; and for nearly fourteen years their union was productive of the greatest happiness. After that lapse of time it was violently broken by the tyrannic cruelty so unjustly extended as to deprive his lordship of life.

As Charles the Second had no legitimate children, the Duke of York, his brother, was considered by the nation as heir to the throne. To this succession objections existed among the Protestants, in consequence of James's Catholic sentiments; and they entered into arrangements, in case of Charles's demise, *calculated to* secure the preservation of their

own faith as the professed religion of the country. In 1680 Lord Russel proposed to the Commons a bill to prevent a Popish successor; and when it had passed, it was introduced to the House of Lords, where Charles himself often attended while it was debating. It was thrown out; yet the Duke of York, when opportunity occurred, failed not to avenge himself upon Lord Russel for being the author of its introduction.

The Duke of Monmouth, the King's natural son, was much beloved by the people; and as the Duke of York's character became daily more marked by tyranny and oppression, many Protestants thought that the kingly power would be more properly exercised in the person of Monmouth than of James, and consequently a strong party was formed ready to support his claim as heir to the throne. This conspiracy, as it was termed, was headed by many distinguished nobles and gentlemen, among whom were Lord Russel and the celebrated Algernon Sydney. Information of these proceedings was communicated to the King, and Lord Russel and others were immediately arrested and sent to the Tower, as state prisoners, accused of high treason.

Lord Russel was soon after brought to trial for this offence; and now it was that the magnanimity and affection of his wife shone with such resplendent lustre. She appeared in court seated by his side; and when the Attorney-General told him that one of his servants in waiting might take notes for him of the evidence, his Lordship replied, that he required no *other* assistance than that of the lady who sat by him. *Lady* Russel then rose, and with wonderful firmness

and self-command wrote what was necessary, and performed her arduous undertaking with the utmost correctness and propriety.

What must have been her feelings on hearing sentence of death pronounced upon her lord? She restrained them for his sake; and, with wonderful self-command, preserved her fortitude. Lady Russel had armed herself with courage to appear in this scene, that she might avail herself of any circumstance that might transpire calculated to benefit him; and now that this hope was over, she resolved still to use her efforts in his behalf by having recourse to other expedients; nor would she permit her sorrow to destroy her powers of exertion.

What magnanimity was displayed in this conduct! and how worthy of our imitation! It is to be hoped that you, my young friends, will never be placed in so trying a situation as Lady Russel's; but it is very probable that some of you may be so circumstanced as to require an exertion, although in a less degree, of the same powers, and an exhibition of similar control over your sensibilities. In cases of accident or illness, for example, how much more estimable is that young person who can exert herself to render personally every assistance in her power, than she whose overwhelming sensibility causes her to faint away in her chair? It may be said that we have not all the same susceptibilities, and that some people's feelings are much more acute than those of others. I admit that it is so; but these extreme sensibilities ought not to be indulged, as they are a defect, and not, as *I have often seen* them considered, ornamental.

there is no beauty in weakness, either of body or mind.

Lady Russel resolved, as a last resource, to obtain an interview with the King—to plead at his feet for mercy—to remind him, that she who was suing for pity was the daughter of that Southampton who had so firmly adhered to the royal cause during the civil wars, and who had so generously supplied the exigencies of his Majesty by sending him large remittances when he was an exile wandering on the continent.

It must be observed, that Lady Russel's father had been highly esteemed on account of his great virtues and fine abilities; and that his attachment to Charles the First, whom he never left until the end of the war, contributed much to the support of the royal party in consequence of his influence.

Surely Lady Russel had sufficient reason to anticipate a favourable result from this interview. To repay a debt of gratitude, when an opportunity offers of cancelling it, is an exquisite pleasure to a noble mind; but nobility of birth and nobility of mind are not necessarily connected—the peasant may possess the latter, and his lord only the former.

Lady Russel went to the palace, and entreated to see the King; and as her feelings were greatly excited, she almost unconsciously followed the person who went to communicate her request to his Majesty, and entered the apartment before she had received permission. Throwing herself at the monarch's feet, *with bitter* tears she pleaded her husband's cause—*assuring* the king that Russel had never harboured a

thought injurious to his welfare—that his crime, if such it could be called, was confined wholly to endeavours to prevent a Catholic succession in the event of his Majesty's decease. Seeing Charles unmoved, she then reminded him of the merits and loyalty of her late father, and vainly sought to arouse in the ungenerous mind of the King some feeling of pity for the daughter of the man who had been his best friend during his adverse circumstances. He even rejected her solicitations for a respite of a few weeks. —"Shall I grant that man," said he, "six weeks, who, had I been in his power, would not have granted me six hours?" Again Lady Russel repeated most energetically her husband's loyalty; but Charles was resolved to shew no mercy, and therefore would neither give credit to the truths she uttered, nor repay his obligations to the Earl of Southampton by shewing compassion to his distressed daughter. Renewed entreaties were all useless; Charles began to weary of the scene; and Lady Russel, finding every effort fruitless, at last reluctantly desisted, and collected her courage and fortified her mind for the fatal stroke. The tears and supplications which she had offered up at the King's feet were the last demonstrations of feminine sorrow that she exhibited, until the betrayal of her anguish could no longer affect him for whom her tears flowed.

The King had told the Duke of Monmouth that it was quite impossible for him to save Lord Russel's life, without breaking with the Duke of York; for as the condemned nobleman had openly avowed his *determination* to oppose the Duke's claims to the

succession, the narrow mind of James exulted in his disgrace, and would be satisfied with nothing less than his death. His vindictive feelings were so violent, that he even requested his brother to command Lord Russel's execution to take place in the square before York House; but this was an indignity to which Charles positively refused his consent. No one doubted the innocence of Russel respecting the charge of conspiring against the life of the King, which he solemnly denied with his dying breath. The witnesses who deposed against him made no mention of any such design. His principal guilt had been his opposition in Parliament to what he deemed unconstitutional measures, with his efforts for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne in consequence of his religion. His friends tried every means that money or interest could afford to save his valuable life. They engaged that he should promise, on his liberation, to exile himself from his native land, never more to return without royal permission; but this proposition was unhesitatingly refused. The old Earl of Bedford, the father of Lord Russel, waited upon the Duchess of Portsmouth, and offered her a hundred thousand pounds if she could, through her interest with the King, procure his son's pardon. But every application proved vain. The independent spirit, the popularity, the talents, the courage, and the virtues of the noble prisoner, were his most dangerous offences, and became so many arguments against his liberation.

The Duke of Monmouth sent to Lord Russel a message expressive of his willingness to deliver him-

self up, and to share his fate, if Lord Russel thought that such a proceeding would avail any thing towards his safety. But Russel returned for answer, "That it would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him."

Lord Cavendish was strongly attached to Lord Russel, and used every possible exertion to avert his doom. He proposed to facilitate his escape by changing clothes with him, and remaining as his substitute; but Russel could not be persuaded to adopt this expedient, from the conviction that it would involve his friend in serious trouble. Cavendish could not endure the idea of submitting to the unjust severity that had condemned to death so noble a character. He suggested a plan for his deliverance, which, if it had been pursued, would very probably have succeeded. He was desirous of preparing a strong party of horse, who should attack the guards, and deliver Russel forcibly on his way to the scaffold; an attempt which there was great reason to suppose the people would facilitate. This proposal was objected to by the unfortunate nobleman, for the same reasons that had induced him to decline all the other expedients suggested for his deliverance—the imminent danger to which his friends would be exposed. As his fate drew near, he expressed his satisfaction that he had chosen death rather than flight, since he felt that, separated from his family and friends, whose society and affection constituted all his happiness, life would have been to him insupportable.

An order for his execution being signed, a respite

of only two days was refused to his friends. Bishops Tillotson and Burnet, with a view of serving him, endeavoured to induce him to confess resistance to be unlawful. Russel replied, "That he would not say what he did not believe," and that he had no idea of a limited monarchy without a right to defend its limitations. His firmness in refusing to purchase life by the sacrifice of his principles, or by endangering his friends, affords the best testimony of his integrity and virtue, although it increases our regret that so much worth should have been the victim of cruelty and revenge.

Of his wife he spoke with great pleasure, as the magnanimity which she displayed was a great source of comfort to him. He observed, that a separation from her was the severest part of what he had to undergo, and he dreaded what her sufferings would be when he was gone. "Now," he added, "she is excited by her hopes to save me; but when those exertions are over, what will be the state of her feelings?" He did not oppose Lady Russel's unceasing endeavours to effect his liberation, less from any expectation of her success, than from a desire that she might be perfectly convinced that no means had been spared for his deliverance.

The evening before his death, his three children, Rachel, Catharine, and his only son Wriothesley, came to take their last farewell. They were too young to be sensible of the weight of affliction that their unhappy parents had to support, or their little *hearts would* have been torn with grief at receiving *the last kiss* that was ever to be imprinted on their

lips by their beloved father. Russel parted from them with more firmness than could have been expected; and expressed his conviction that their mother would bring them up in accordance with his wishes, as she had promised him that, for their sakes, she would preserve herself.

Where were king Charles and his brother James at this time? It would have been well for them, could they have seen the amiable Russel parting with his dear family and friends. It might have aroused within them some of the nobler feelings of human nature, which, as they never exhibited, we are inclined to believe they never possessed.

Lord Russel parted from his wife, in a most solemn and affecting manner, on the Friday night. He repeatedly embraced her, and exhorted her to support her misfortunes with fortitude, for the sake of her dear infant family, to whom she must in future supply the duties of both parents. Lady Russel commanded herself with heroic fortitude, and actually parted from her lord without shedding a tear, so desirous was she of not adding, by the display of her agonising grief, one pang to her lord's sorrows. When she was gone, Russel exclaimed, "The bitterness of death is past." He praised her character and conduct, and spoke of his affection for her with fervour, declaring that she had been to him a blessing. He rejoiced that his children were in the hands of so admirable a mother, and observed, that the magnanimity which she had displayed at their parting had been to him *highly* consolatory.

Some of his last expressions denoted the com-

posure of his mind. He observed, "That a cloud was hanging over the nation, to which his death would be more serviceable than his life!" A short time before he was conducted by the Sheriffs to the scaffold, he wound up his watch, saying, "I have now done with time, and henceforth must think only on eternity."

The scaffold for his execution was erected in Lincoln's-inn-fields, that the Court party's triumph might be manifested by the exhibition of the illustrious sufferer to the people. But the populace seemed much affected: many exhibited their pity by shedding tears, while others expressed their disgust at the sacrifice of so worthy a man. Bishops Tillotson and Burnet were with him in the coach. As it was passing Southampton House, Russel gave a last look at his once happy home; a tear started to his eye, which he instantly wiped away, and no more were permitted to follow. He recovered immediately his serenity, and when arrived at the place of execution, ascended the scaffold with a firm step. A paper, expressive of his innocence, was delivered by him to the Sheriffs, which gave great displeasure to the King and his brother; in consequence of which Lady Russel wrote to his Majesty, to exculpate her husband.

The populace, at the sight of Russel, again testified their commiseration at his fate: every heart sensible to the feelings of humanity united in lamentations. After some time spent in prayer with the clergyman who attended him, Russel, without the least change of countenance, laid his head on the block.

at two strokes it was severed from his body. This tragedy occurred July 21, 1683, in less than a month from the time proceedings first commenced against him: he was arrested June 26, tried July 13, and executed July 21.

Of Lord Russel it was said by Calamy, "that an age would not repair to the nation his loss, and that his name ought never to be mentioned by Englishmen without respect."

As I have before observed, we may frequently see wicked actions visited with their due punishment even in this world. The Duke of York was made to feel his cruelty to Russel, at a time when his own misfortunes were crowding fast around him. After he became King, when surrounded by perplexities, in the year 1688, he addressed himself to the Earl of Bedford (the father of the sacrificed Russel), "My lord," said his majesty, "you are an honest man; you have great credit, and can do me signal service." "Ah, sire!" replied the earl, "I am old and feeble —I can do you but little service. I once had a son, who, were he here now, might assist you; but he is no more." James was so struck with this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes.

A conviction of his injustice and cruelty must at that moment have given him sensations of the most bitter feeling. Had *he* generously solicited for Russel's pardon, it would have been easily obtained; and now in the time of his need, he would have found in him a friend capable of assisting him, and whose gratitude would have excited him to every exertion *in his favour*, consistent with his principles.

We are truly blind to our own interest when we permit ourselves to be actuated by evil inclinations; the result is sure to bring that punishment upon ourselves which we design for others, or else one of a more afflicting nature.

After the execution of her husband, Lady Russel remained for some time, to use her own expression, "stupified with grief." She was amazed at the heavy calamity which she had sustained, and wondered that she could endure it. The sight of her children seemed to increase instead of alleviating her sorrows, by reminding her of the interest which their departed parent took in their welfare. When she became more composed, she was absorbed in the earnest desire to humble herself under the mighty hand of God, and to fulfil the duties which now devolved upon her alone, of attending to the education and happiness of her beloved family.

Lord Russel's property had not been forfeited to the Crown, but was secured to his wife and children, by royal permission, previous to his execution. This was a source of great comfort to his lordship, as he frequently declared during his imprisonment.

Although Lady Russel survived her husband for above forty years, yet even to the last of her existence, her sorrow seemed but little abated. When among her intimate connexions, expressions of grief for his loss were continually flowing from her lips; yet no reproaches were uttered against his persecutors nor murmurs at the decrees of Providence, in assigning to her so bitter a portion. Religion was to her *the only* balm that solaced her wounded heart. Her

piety was great, and she seemed ever to watch her conduct with rigid scrutiny, lest it should offend her heavenly Father.

Her eyes became affected some years after her severe deprivation, and it was apprehended that she would lose her sight. She observed on this occasion, that if God thought fit that outward darkness should fall upon her, she hoped that he would not deny her his grace to strengthen her by the teaching of his Holy Spirit. This calamity, however, did not befall her; her eyes were couched, and she derived so much benefit from the operation, that she could see to write without spectacles to the day of her death.

At another time her dear and only son was so ill that his life was despaired of. His pious mother, while she hung over his bed, expressed her feelings in appropriate passages from Scripture, expressive of her confidence in the Almighty, and of her conviction that He would enable her to endure unrepiningly his dispensations; frequently exclaiming, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." The little lord recovered, to the inexpressible joy of his family; and Lady Russel did not forget whose hand had raised him.

She expressed her resolution of testifying her gratitude for this mercy, by guarding against secret murmurs at her fate, for fear that she might provoke God to repeat his threatenings of rendering more bitter that cup of which she had already drank so deeply.

Her Ladyship's only son, Wriothesley, succeeded his grandfather in 1700, and was made Duke of

Bedford. He married the daughter and heiress of John Howland, Esq., and became the father of three sons and two daughters. When he was in his 31st year, he was attacked with the small-pox, of which he died in May 1711. The affliction of his family may be conceived. It was again necessary for Lady Russel to exert those noble powers of mind for which she was so eminently distinguished; it was not for herself alone that they were now required—others looked to her for consolation and support. It was not in vain that she was expected to set them an example worthy of imitation. Resignation to the will of God, whose wise decrees are to us incomprehensible, was the ruling principle of her whole life; and on this sorrowful occasion she strongly recommended it to her dear family circle, not only as a consolation, but as a duty. God never afflicts unnecessarily; consequently we may be assured, that whatever happens to us is for the best, although that may appear at the time of our distress almost impossible. An affliction may be permitted to visit us, to prevent our falling into a sin that might lead us to eternal misery. The loss of those whom we love the best often loosens the ties that bind us to this world, and causes us to think of another, when nothing else would have had that power. Should we lament the death of our friends if we were convinced that they were taken away in mercy, to save them from impending misery? We cannot say that it is not so. Let us not, then, presume to murmur at the decrees of the Almighty; but *let it be* our constant prayer, that he will enable us *to bear* them with proper submission.

Lady Russel's trials were not yet completed; another severe stroke awaited her, upon which occasion she proved that the magnanimity of former years had not deserted her. Her daughters had formed splendid alliances; one had married Lord Cavendish, and was become Duchess of Devonshire; and the other was united to the Duke of Rutland. Six months after the death of their brother, these ladies were both confined, nearly at the same time. The Duchess of Rutland died; and it was of course highly necessary to conceal the event from the knowledge of her sister. Lady Russel, after seeing her beloved daughter in her coffin, hastened to her last remaining child to prevent the suspicion which her absence might occasion. The Duchess eagerly inquired, on seeing her mother, after the welfare of her sister. Assuming a cheerful air, Lady Russel avoided giving her a direct answer, but replied with great composure:—"I have seen your sister out of bed to-day." This answer satisfied the Duchess; and Lady R.'s further precautions prevented her from being made acquainted with the calamity, until its communication was no longer likely to produce dangerous effects.

What great self-command was here displayed! What admirable proofs she gave of her consideration for others, which enabled her, when suffering the most exquisite grief, to shew no outward signs of discomposure.

Although Lady Russel, in the free effusions of her heart among her intimate friends, constantly deplored the loss of her dear husband, yet she never expressed

any keen resentment against those who were concerned in his death. When James the Second was compelled to leave his throne, and became a wanderer in a foreign land, her ladyship never triumphed in his distresses, although she deplored the blind bigotry which governed him. Even the inhuman Judge Jefferies, who delivered a flaming speech against Lord Russel at his trial, is passed over in silence by her, and she makes no mention, either in her letters or papers, of his disgrace, imprisonment, and death. In fact, her ladyship plainly evinced that her mind was in close connection with God, earnestly endeavouring to seek his blessing; and though still suffering from the incurable wound which the loss of the best of friends and husbands had inflicted, yet there are no traces of an angry spirit against the unkind instruments that had brought upon her such overwhelming sorrows.

Lady Russel survived her husband upwards of forty years. She had promised him to be careful of her health for the sake of her children, and she was religiously mindful to perform that promise. Indeed, her letters during her long widowhood are the most tender and honourable testimony of her respect for his memory.

After the Revolution, she made use of her interest to procure Mr Samuel Johnson a pension, as a mark of her gratitude for his attachment to her late lord, to whom he had been chaplain. This gentleman always mentioned Lord Russel in enthusiastic terms, *declaring him* to be "the greatest Englishman we *had.*"

y Russel gradually declined into respectable
nerable old age: and although time brought
ation to her sufferings, the sting implanted by
sband's violent death was felt acutely to the
her existence. She left this world in calm-
id tranquillity, 29th September 1723, in her
ear; and we trust that her emancipated spirit
ide happy in a re-union with her lord, and that
e now both among the blessed who are ad-
to the joyful presence of our great Redeemer.

LINES ON LADY RUSSEL.

How selfish are the tears we shed!
How soon, when grieved, they flow!
Though rarely by our feelings led
To weep for others' woe.

But, Lady, thou could'st stop their course,
Though agonized with woe:
Even then the mind, with nobler force,
Forbad thy tears to flow.

Affection gave the mighty power,
All outward woe to hide;
And so absorb'd each passing hour,
To exclude all else beside.

But when at last her Lord was gone,
Her sorrow's depth appears;
When death his cruel work had done,
Ah, then—behold her tears!

VIII. LADY JANE GREY.

LADY JANE GREY.

LADY JANE GREY was the daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, and was descended from the royal line of England by both her parents.

As she was nearly of an age with Edward the Sixth, and shewed a great inclination for study, she received her education from his instructors, and surpassed him in the acquirement of the ancient and modern languages, as well as in every branch of polite literature. She was well acquainted with Latin, Greek, Chaldee, and Hebrew; and seemed to derive infinite pleasure from the cultivation of her mind.

Lady Jane was seldom engaged in the occupations or amusements usually pursued by young ladies of her age and station; they seemed to her wearisome and insipid. But although her usual private employments were of a deep and abstruse nature, yet no one in society was more elegant and engaging than Lady Jane Grey.

She was strongly attached to the Reformed religion, and was a truly pious Christian, notwithstanding her youth.

Her parents were ambitious, unfeeling characters, *and treated their* amiable daughter with unjustifiable

severity. The cause of this behaviour cannot be elucidated; but its effect was beneficial to Lady Jane, as it induced her to prefer solitude to their society, and caused her to pass that time in study which would otherwise most probably have been devoted to them. She confessed to a friend, that she found it impossible to please her father or mother. "Whatever I do," said she, "is wrong: I cannot eat, drink, walk, or sit, to their satisfaction. Continually am I reproved; often do I receive pinches, and other marks of their anger, which (for the honour I bear them) I will not mention. My happiest moments are those which I pass with my tutor, Mr Aylmer. His manner is all mildness, and so agreeably do the hours pass that are devoted to his lessons, that sometimes I cannot refrain from tears when I am obliged to close the books."

Possibly the Duchess of Suffolk saw in Lady Jane a continual, though passive, reproach. Haughty and overbearing, she could not avoid seeing that her daughter was the very reverse, and that while her own conduct excited the disgust and hatred of her dependents, her child's humility and amiable qualities secured universal esteem. Very probably it was from the jealous feelings to which this conscious inferiority gave birth, that the ill-treatment may be attributed to which Lady Jane was subject.

The theological disputes of the times peculiarly engaged her attention, and, consequently, to her enlightened mind the errors of the Roman Catholic *Church* appeared evident. It is related that Lady *Jane was* visiting Princess Mary at Newhall, in

Essex, when a circumstance occurred which proved her contempt of the Catholic forms, and which it is asserted, caused her ever after to be disliked by Mary. Lady Ann Wharton and Lady Jane were passing the altar situated in the chapel, on which the sacrament was prepared; Lady Ann reverentially bowed. Jane affected surprise, and asked if she saw the Princess, and whether she was in the chapel? "No," replied her companion; "I do homage to Him who made us all." This lady alluded to the bread prepared for the sacrament, which the Catholics believe is changed into the real body of Christ. "How can that be?" retorted Jane quickly; "how can He be there that made us all, and yet the baker made him?" This sarcasm was repeated to Mary; and to such a narrow-minded being, impressed with the strongest bigotry, it was likely to be the foundation of hatred.

Lady Jane's predilection for learning and philosophy is attested by Roger Ascham, tutor to the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth. This gentleman was going to leave England, and calling to pay a farewell visit to the Duke of Suffolk's family, he found Lady Jane deeply engaged in the perusal of Plato's Phœdon, while her parents were hunting in the park. Mr Ascham inquired why she did not accompany the party; and whether she really preferred passing her time in such grave studies? "I derive," answered she with a smile, "a pleasure in the reading of this book, far superior in its nature to any that hunting can possibly afford. I pity those poor people who find in such amusements their highest enjoyments."—"*And pray*, madam," said Mr A., "by what

methods have you attained this superiority of discernment, uncommon even in our sex, but still more so in yours."—"I am indebted for it," replied she, "to the severity of my parents and to the gentleness of my tutor: the former require from me an accuracy and perfection as if I were not mortal; while the latter instructs me in a manner so mild and alluring that hours pass away unconsciously. My studies have become my pleasures—pleasures which daily increase, and in comparison of which every other occupation is irksome."

The practice of philosophy was soon required from the Lady Jane, with a severity unprecedented in one so young and innocent. She then gave ample proof of the benefit which she had acquired from its study; for she was neither elated by prosperity, nor depressed by adversity. But she went further than this,—she gave up life with the firmness of a true Christian, supported in the last extremity through faith in Christ. All true philosophy is derived from religion —that is its basis and foundation; and those alone who have received regenerating grace may say with St Paul, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." No doubt many of the ancient heathens were imbued with a conviction of the true God, and of his attributes; and the real philosophy displayed by Socrates and Plato emanated from the same source whence man himself originally proceeded, made sinless after the image of his divine Creator.

The ambition of the intriguing Northumberland *induced him* to wish for an union between Lady Jane

and his son Lord Guildford Dudley; and as this young nobleman was extremely amiable, he succeeded in gaining the affections of Lady Jane, and they were married in May 1553. King Edward was in a very declining state of health, and Northumberland had formed a plan for the elevation of his own family, upon the apparent probability of this excellent young monarch's decease. His intentions he communicated, in part, to the Duke of Suffolk, who was weak enough eagerly to enter into a project which, though replete with injustice, tended so much to his own aggrandizement. Shortly after Lord Guildford's marriage the King became much worse, and, in a conversation with the Duke of Northumberland, he was regretting the prospect of his sister Mary's succession, in consequence of her Popish bigotry. The crafty nobleman eagerly seized the opportunity of introducing the subject on which his dearest hopes were placed. He represented to the young King, in glowing colours, the horrors to which the kingdom would be subject under the government of Mary. He reminded him that the princesses were only his half sisters; that they had been declared illegitimate, and that though Henry by his will had restored them to the succession, yet that Edward could not, with any regard to justice, exclude the one and not the other. He added that the young King might devise the Crown, by letters patent, to whom he pleased, and that, as it ought to devolve on the next heir, which was the Duchess of Suffolk, this lady would, no doubt, easily be persuaded to relinquish her right in favour of her daughter. *Lady Jane* Grey would then ascend the throne,

whom every one would allow to be qualified for so elevated a station, and whose strong attachment to the Reformed religion was well known. To this reasoning Edward had but one objection; he could not, at first, endure the idea of treating his sister Elizabeth with so much apparent unkindness. He loved her with the fondest affection; she was the dearest to him of any one in the world. But, upon reflection, Edward at length consented to adopt Northumberland's plan of appointing Lady Jane Grey to succeed him. He knew well her capabilities for the high station of Queen, and how brilliantly her virtues would shine from a throne.

Disease gained ground daily with the young monarch; and as he verged to the confines of another world, the honours and splendour of this life appeared to his pious mind in their proper point of view. He remembered that the duties of sovereignty are so numerous, and require so much self-denial and exertion, that to govern a nation is more a life of toil than pleasure, if the welfare and prosperity of the people are, as they ought to be, the constant object of the sovereign's concern. These reflections diminished his regret at Elizabeth's exclusion, and determined him to will the crown to Lady Jane.

Much opposition to this arrangement respecting the succession was manifested by the officers of state; but the wily Northumberland managed by threats, promises, and intrigues, to over-rule their resistance.

No sooner was the settlement adjusted, than Edward's malady rapidly increased. He had been prevailed upon by the Duke of Northumberland to dis-

miss his physicians, and to place himself under the care of an ignorant pretender, whose medicines only tended to increase his disorder. Dark suspicions were entertained by the courtiers as the fatal symptoms of dissolution rapidly approached; and many believed that the death of this amiable young monarch was accelerated by Northumberland's wicked devices.—Edward expired at Greenwich, July 16, 1553, in the 16th year of his age, and seventh of his reign.

The Blue-Coat School, for the maintenance and education of decayed tradesmen's sons, was founded by this young King, as was also St Bartholomew's Hospital. His death was universally lamented, for no young prince ever gave greater expectations to a country than he did of becoming a just, beneficent, and good king.

Measures having been taken by the Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland to keep the nation as tranquil as possible; and to paralyze the efforts of the Princess Mary, they proceeded to Sion House, accompanied by several of the nobility, to inform Lady Jane Grey of her sudden elevation. Ignorant of her father-in-law's ambitious designs, Jane heard their communication with astonishment and grief. She nobly pleaded the preferable title of the princesses; declared that royalty had no charms for her, and that she infinitely preferred the peace of private life. She stated that her principles would not justify her acceptance of honours to which she had no right; and she pointed out, with almost prophetic skill, the *dangers to be* apprehended from her assumption of

sovereignty. Vain was all her pleading; the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk, and her mother, exerted their influence and authority to induce her to alter her determination. Lord Guildford Dudley joined in their entreaties; and when Lady Jane saw that it was his wish that she should accept the Crown, she no longer resisted, but gave an unwilling consent.

At that period it was customary for the Sovereigns of England to pass the first days of their accession at the Tower. Northumberland conducted his daughter to that fortress; and orders were given to the Council to proclaim throughout the kingdom the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk. Lady Jane entered the Tower with all the splendour and pomp of royalty, attended by the principal nobility, and having her train supported by her own mother.

Lady Jane was proclaimed; but the people seemed dissatisfied with the deviation from the hereditary succession, and no rejoicings followed. Contempt was manifested by the majority, and silence and indifference by those who were less interested in the matter.

In the mean time the Princess Mary sent circular letters to all the nobility, stating her claim, and commanding them immediately to proclaim her Queen. The Roman Catholics flocked to Mary; and she assured all those who were of the Reformed religion, that it was her firm resolution never to alter the laws which her late brother had established. How she *kept her* word, the blazing fires of Smithfield soon *testified.* The country people were principally in her

interest; and she entered London attended by an immense concourse, which daily increased. A fleet, stationed by the Duke of Northumberland off the coast of Suffolk, entered Yarmouth, and declared for Mary; and even the Council, who had acknowledged Lady Jane, and exerted themselves much in her interest, finding that her cause could no longer be supported with safety, thought it most prudent to declare for the rightful heiress. They communicated their sentiments to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who coincided with them in opinion, and adopted the same line of conduct. Mary was immediately proclaimed in London, amidst shouts of applause from the short-sighted giddy populace.

Northumberland, deserted by his followers, and finding his army far too weak to encounter with his opponent, even admitting the fidelity of his soldiers, of which he much doubted, joined in the general acclamation in favour of Mary.

The Duke of Suffolk, who resided in the Tower, of which he had command, finding resistance vain, opened the gates, and declared for Mary; previously informing Lady Jane of the state of affairs, and of the necessity of her resigning all the ensigns of royalty.

Lady Jane received the information with the utmost satisfaction, yet she could not divest her mind of apprehensions for the consequences of what she termed "her sinful acceptance of the Crown." She said to her father, "I have grievously sinned, and acted contrary to my right reason, out of obedience *to you and my mother*; but I acknowledge my fault,

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LADY JANE GREY'S INTERVIEW WITH FECKENHAM.

He strenuously exhorted her to become a convert to the Popish faith, as three days' reprieve had been allowed by Mary, in order that this purpose might, if possible, be effected.

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and by my willing relinquishment of sovereignty, I make the only reparation in my power." Thus ended the short reign of Lady Jane, after a continuance of ten days. The Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland, with many more of the nobility, who had favoured the cause of Lady Jane, were committed to the Tower as prisoners. Mary, desirous of popularity, assumed the appearance of clemency; she pardoned most of the counsellors, who pleaded various excuses in extenuation of their conduct. Even Suffolk obtained his liberty; and had it not been for his folly in joining some insurgents in a rebellion which broke out shortly after, he might in all probability have saved his daughter's life, as well as his own.

Northumberland's guilt was too flagrant for any hope of mercy. He was tried by a jury of peers, condemned, and executed. Previous to his trial, he was in a state of the most abject depression; he fell on his knees, when first taken into custody, and supplicated most earnestly that his life might be spared, promising for the future the greatest loyalty and fidelity to Mary. At his trial he seemed to have recovered his fortitude, and at first endeavoured to defend himself with much self-command; but, overpowered by the replies which he received, he at length acquiesced in the justice of the proceedings of the jury, and pleaded Guilty.

To the astonishment of the spectators, when brought to the place of execution, Northumberland declared himself a Roman Catholic, and exhorted the people *to return* to the faith of their forefathers. Most probably he was sincere in his statement, and had



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adopted the Reformed religion merely to promote his political views, without any conviction of its evangelical purity. This must have been the case, as the hour of death does not admit of the government of worldly policy.

Though sentence of death had been pronounced against Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley, there was no appearance of its being put into execution; and had it not been for the Duke of Suffolk's imprudence, it is more than probable that their lives and his own might have been spared.

Queen Mary's bigotry in religious matters was very soon apparent, and excited much dissatisfaction in the nation. A rebellion in consequence broke out, headed by Sir Thomas Wyat, and Suffolk was weak enough to join the malcontents in the delusive hope of regaining the Crown for his daughter. The conspiracy was soon crushed; and as Suffolk s conduct was now totally unpardonable, his ingratitude was imputed by the unjust and implacable Mary to his children; and both Lady Jane and Lord Guildford were ordered to prepare for death.

Feckenham, the Queen's chaplain, was appointed to inform Lady Jane of the fate that awaited her; and at the same time he strenuously exhorted her to become a convert to the Popish faith, as three days' reprieve had been allowed by Mary in order that this purpose might, if possible, be effected. Lady Jane received the fatal communication without emotion: she had seen the impending storm, and had prepared herself to sustain its approach. For the interest expressed by the Catholic clergy respecting her salva-

tion, Jane was thankful, but declared her firm adherence to the Reformed religion. She discussed with them her objections to the doctrines and authority of their church; and the part which she sustained in this conference has been highly commended by several ecclesiastical historians.

During her captivity she wrote several letters; among which was one addressed to Dr Harding, her father's chaplain, who had apostatized from his religion. She entreated him to reflect upon the enormity of his conduct, urging the most persuasive reasons, from the Scriptures, in support of her arguments.

It is stated in Hollinshed's Chronicle, that various excellent treatises were written by Lady Jane; but of their subjects, or where they are to be found, we are not informed. She composed for her own use a long and beautiful prayer, full of sublime expressions of devotion, which is inserted in Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Church.

She wrote a Latin letter to Bullinger, who was instructing her in the Hebrew language, thanking him for his attentions, and expressing for him great deference and respect. Another letter was addressed to her sister, Lady Katherine Grey, abounding in affectionate sentiments and exhortations to piety. These two last-mentioned epistles were written the night before her execution, on some blank leaves of her Greek Testament, which she had been previously perusing.

The evening before her death she was again annoyed by Roman Catholic priests, who used vain

persuasions to induce her to die in what they termed the true faith. She told them that she had no leisure for controversy, as she was desirous of devoting the short remainder of her life in preparations for eternity. For some time they persecuted her with their impertinent importunities; but her answer to their cruel anathemas was prayer, and she endured all their upbraidings with exemplary patience. At last they quitted her, as "a lost and forsaken member;" but it was evident from her conduct, during the last trying scene of her existence, that these wise prelates were themselves very far from truth, when they uttered this assertion; for no one could have acted as Lady Jane did, under such trying circumstances, without Christ himself had vouchsafed his especial support.

Lord Guildford, on the morning of his execution, was desirous of an interview with his wife; but she refused this request, assigning as a reason, that it might possibly shake that firmness and courage which it was so requisite for them to exert. She reminded him, by her messenger, that their separation was near its termination, for that in a few hours they should meet, never again to part, in scenes of blissful happiness, where the cares and troubles which attend mortal existence are unknown.

Lord Guildford passed Lady Jane's prison on his way to Tower Hill, where he was beheaded. She gave him from the window some tokens of her affectionate remembrance, but still preserved her fortitude, and quietly awaited her summons.

Lady Jane's execution took place within the verge of the Tower, as the council did not think it prudent

to have her suffer with her husband, apprehensive of the effect which such a spectacle might make on the minds of the populace.

Sir John Gage, the constable of the Tower, led Lady Jane to the scaffold, and on their way they met the headless body of Lord Guildford, wrapped in a linen cloth, going to the Tower chapel for interment. Lady Jane stopped, gazed at the affecting spectacle, and gave to the memory of past recollections the tribute of the last tears that she was ever to shed. The account that was given to her of the courage with which he died, seemed to inspire her with fresh fortitude; she quickly dried her tears, sighed heavily, and then desired them to proceed.

Sir John Gage requested her to bestow on him some memorial, which he might keep for her sake. She gave him her table-book, in which she had just written three sentences—one in Latin, another in Greek, and a third in English—expressive of her feelings on beholding the corpse of her husband. Their purport signified, that, though condemned by human justice, Divine mercy would be extended to his soul; and that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth and inexperience might be considered in extenuation, and would mitigate, she hoped, her offence in the opinion of posterity: she stated her firm trust in the favour and forgiveness of her heavenly Father.

Having reached the scaffold, she addressed the spectators in a concise but very impressive manner. *Her crime*, she said, had not been ambition—she had *never wished* for the Crown—but it consisted in not

having rejected it with sufficient firmness. She had yielded an improper obedience to those whom she had been accustomed to revere and obey. The only reparation now in her power to make to the injured state, was to suffer the penalty of those laws which she had infringed, and that she consequently submitted cheerfully to death. Her punishment was just, as she had allowed herself to be the instrument of the ambitious projects of others; and she trusted that her history would prove useful, by demonstrating that personal innocence is no excuse for acts that tend to injure the community. No complaint or murmur at the severity of her treatment escaped her lips, although it must have been the prevailing feeling among those who listened to her last words. She concluded with a solemn profession of her faith, and repeated a psalm in English. She then thanked, in the most grateful manner, all who had endeavoured to alleviate her sorrows by acts of kindness. Her two waiting-women were with her; to the one she gave her gloves, and to the other her handkerchief; and her prayer-book she presented to Sir John Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower. She then began to prepare for death, and untied her gown. The executioner, stepping forward, offered his assistance. This she declined; and turning to her women, they disrobed her, and gave her a handkerchief to cover her eyes, while their own were suffused with bitter tears, as they rendered these last sad duties to their beloved mistress. The executioner, kneeling, requested her pardon; to which she replied, "Most willingly." He then requested her to stand upon

some straw, which brought her in sight of the block. She said to the executioner, "I pray you, despatch me quickly." In a few moments after she bound the handkerchief over her eyes, with the greatest composure, and, feeling for the block, said, "Where is it? What shall I do?" One of the spectators of this tragic scene gently guided her to it; when, kneeling down, she stretched herself forwards, and devoutly uttered, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Immediately the axe descended, and at one blow her head was severed from her body. Thus perished this talented and amiable lady, February 12, 1554, in the eighteenth year of her age—a victim to the ambition of her parents, and to the malignant cruelty of a sovereign who possessed power only to misuse it.

Sentence of death had been pronounced upon Lady Jane Grey by Judge Morgan, who shortly after became raving mad in consequence of his conviction of the injustice of her punishment. He died in that deplorable condition, continually uttering piercing shrieks, and begging those around him to *take the Lady Jane away from him.*

Queen Mary's callous heart does not appear to have been affected by any such remorse, or she would not have pursued such a course of cruelty as continued to distinguish her reign. But it is evident from history that she was a very unhappy woman; nor is it possible to suppose her otherwise, for misery and guilt always go hand in hand, although the former may sometimes be concealed from superficial *view,* disguised under the semblance of gaiety or *grandeur.*

The guilty ambition of the Duke of Suffolk, which had brought his child to the scaffold, consigned him to the same fate. Soon after her death, he was tried, condemned, and executed. Life could not have been desirable; its termination must have been the only acceptable boon that a father could crave, who had been the means of destroying his own daughter, by causing her to become the victim of filial obedience. All that can be said in extenuation of Suffolk's conduct is, that he was an exceedingly weak man, and was in a great degree the tool of Northumberland.

That worldly ambition should possess great influence over people of little minds is not surprising, as they are destitute of that discernment which enables the wise man to see the insufficiency of human greatness towards procuring our universal desire—happiness. But that those who possess good sense, the comforts of life, and even its honours and riches, should risk all for the sake of distinctions and powers—which, if justly supported, can only increase the duties of their possessors—is a folly scarcely to be credited, if history did not afford us abundant proof of its existence.

The Duchess of Suffolk affords a striking example of the instability of worldly greatness, and of the dangers which attend the ambitious. Of royal descent, married to a nobleman of distinguished rank, and possessed of all the enjoyments that attend such a high station, yet, when the prospect appeared that her daughter Jane might exalt her family still higher, by availing herself of the offer of sovereignty, this ambitious woman was unmindful of justice or of her

daughter's feelings. Dazzled by the attendant splendour and pomp, she ceased not to persecute Lady Jane until she compelled her to abandon her own sound judgment, and, by complying with the wishes of her parents, to plunge the whole family into irretrievable ruin. A few years after the death of the Duke of Suffolk and his eldest daughter the Lady Jane Grey, the second, Lady Elizabeth Grey, having displeased Queen Elizabeth, was immured in prison, where she died. The third married one of the guards in the Tower, and fell into circumstances and connexions totally different from those to which she had been accustomed. Deserted by all whom she had esteemed friends, the Duchess of Suffolk was actually obliged, one winter's evening, after all these calamities had befallen her, to take shelter in a church porch, as she had not any home to go to. The remainder of her life was passed in poverty and obscurity.

Lady Jane is described by Dr Fuller as possessing the united excellencies of the various periods of life. She had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle life, and the wisdom of old age. Her birth was that of a princess; she had the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint—and yet she suffered the death of a malefactor for the offences of her parents. Notwithstanding all her acquisitions, she was so humble and pious that everybody admired and loved her. She was neither exalted when she possessed the Crown, nor greatly dejected when her palace became her prison, but *maintained* an equal temper of mind in those great

inequalities of fortune. We may humbly believe that she is now shining resplendently in her heavenly Father's kingdom, since she had all the characteristics requisite for those who wish to inherit a glorious immortality.

In the apartment in which she was confined the following verses were found inscribed, with a pin, or some other similar instrument, on the wall. They were written in Latin, and may be thus rendered :—

Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free;
The bitter cup I drink to-day,
To-morrow may be drunk by thee!

Fruitless all malice if our God is nigh;
Useless all pains if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away
And wait the promise of eternal day!

LINES

ON

LADY JANE GREY.

Could not thy innocence nor youth
With Mary for thee plead?
Was her dark mind so dead to truth
That nought could intercede?

Were all thy talents and thy worth
Alike unheeded too?
Could not the kindred ties of birth
Be heard for thee to sue?

Ah! no; this cruel Queen's hard heart
Soft pity could not melt;
Unfit to play the Sovereign's part,
No sympathy she felt.

Though high in rank, yet really low,
A bigot proud and mean;
Those virtues Mary never knew
Which most adorn the Queen.

Though born of England's royal race,
And call'd to rule the State,
Her history's marked by such disgrace
As time can ne'er efface.

And could she think the Pow'rs above
By such sad scenes to please?
Could Christ, whose very name is Love,
Approve of deeds like these?

Poor Lady Jane! in all thy bloom
  Condemn'd to suffer death,
With firmness thou could'st meet thy doom,
  Supported by thy faith.

To Heaven for help thou did'st apply,
  By earnest, fervent pray'r;
God for thy wants gave full supply—
  For mercy's seat is there.

His pity listen'd to thy woes,
  It view'd thy streaming eyes;
It brought thy sorrow's to a close,
  And took thee to the skies.

X. MADAME LAVATER.



MADAME LAVATER,

WIFE OF JOHN GASPER LAVATER.

THE celebrated John G. Lavater was pastor of St Peter's Church, in Zurich, Switzerland. He published several volumes on religious subjects, and a great many sermons. He had a remarkable facility in writing poetry. His verses were harmonious, unaffected, and often vigorous; but his chief claim to distinction was his famous essay on Physiognomy, which has been translated into almost all languages. Lavater was a most amiable and pleasing enthusiast. He combined uncommon penetration with a simplicity of character, that amounted almost to childlike credulity; and the overflowing kindness of his disposition made him universally beloved. He was born in 1741, and died in 1801, in consequence of a wound received from a French soldier, at the taking of Zurich. His private journal will best describe his domestic happiness:—

"*January* 2.—My wife asked me, during dinner, what sentiment I had chosen for the present day. I answered, Henceforth, my dear, we will pray and

read together in the morning, and choose a common motto for the day. The sentiment I have chosen for this day is, 'Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.'—'Pray how is this to be understood?' said she.—I replied, 'Literally.'—'That is very strange indeed!' answered she.—I said, with some warmth, 'We at least must take it so, my dear, as we would do, if we had heard Jesus Christ himself pronounce the words, "Give to him that asketh of thee," says he, whose property all my possessions are. I am the steward, and not the proprietor of my fortune.' My wife merely replied, that she would take it into consideration.

"I was just risen from dinner, when a widow desired to speak with me; I ordered her to be shewn into my study. 'My dear sir, I entreat you to pardon me,' said she; 'I must pay my house-rent, and I want six dollars of the sum. I have been ill a whole month, and could hardly keep my poor children from starving. I must have the six dollars to-day or to-morrow. Pray, hear me, dear sir.' Here she took a small parcel out of her pocket, untied it, and said, 'There is a book enchased with silver; my husband gave it to me when I was betrothed. It is all I can spare; yet it will not be sufficient. I part with it with reluctance, for I know not how I shall redeem it. My dear sir, can you assist me?' I answered, 'Good woman, I cannot assist you;' so saying, I put my hand, accidentally or from habit, into my pocket; I had about two dollars and a half. 'That will not *be sufficient*,' said I to myself; 'she must have the *whole* sum; and if it would do, I want it myself.' I

asked if she had no patron, or friend, who would assist her. She answered, 'No; not a living soul; and I will rather work whole nights than go from house to house. I have been told you were a kind gentleman. If you cannot help me, I hope you will excuse me for giving you so much trouble. I will try how I can extricate myself. God has never yet forsaken me; and I hope he will not begin to turn away from me in my seventy-sixth year.' My wife entered the room. O thou traitorous heart! I was angry and ashamed. I should have been glad if I could have sent her away under some pretext or other; because my conscience whispered to me, '*Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him who would borrow of thee turn not thou away.*' My wife, too, whispered irresistibly in my ear. 'She is an honest, pious woman, and has certainly been ill; do assist her, if you can.' Shame, joy, avarice, and the desire of assisting her, struggled together in my heart. I whispered, 'I have but two dollars by me, and she wants six. I will give her something, and send her away.' My wife, pressing my hand with an affectionate smile, repeated aloud what my conscience had been whispering, '*Give to him who asketh thee, and from him who would borrow of thee turn not thou away.*' I asked her archly, 'whether she would give her ring to enable me to do it?'—'With great pleasure,' she replied, pulling off her ring. The good old woman was too simple to observe, or too modest to take advantage of the action. When she was going, my wife asked her to wait a little in the passage. '*Were you in* earnest, my dear, when you offered your

ring?' said I.—'Indeed I was,' she replied: 'Do you think I would sport with poverty? Remember what you said to me a quarter of an hour ago. I entreat you not to make a mockery of the Gospel. You have always been so benevolent. Why are you now so backward to assist this poor woman? Did you not know there are six dollars in your bureau, and it will be quarter-day very soon?' I pressed her to my heart, saying, 'You are more righteous than I. Keep your ring. I thank you.' I went to the bureau, and took the six dollars. I was seized with horror because I had said, 'I cannot assist you.' The good woman at first thought it was only a small contribution. When she saw that it was more, she kissed my hand, and could not at first utter a word. 'How shall I thank you!' she exclaimed: 'Did you understand me? I have nothing but this book; and it is old.' 'Keep the book and the money,' said I hastily; 'and thank God, not me. I do not deserve your thanks, because I so long hesitated to help you.' I shut the door after her, and was so much ashamed that I could hardly look at my wife. 'My dear,' said she, 'make yourself easy; you have yielded to my wishes. While I wear a golden ring (and you know I have several) you need not tell a fellow-creature in distress that you cannot assist him.' I folded her to my heart, and wept.

"*January* 23, 1769.—My servant asked me after dinner, whether she should sweep my room. I said, Yes; but you must not touch my books or *papers.*' I did not speak with the mild accent of a

good heart. A secret uneasiness, and fear that it would occasion me vexation, had taken possession of me. When she had been gone some time, I said to my wife, 'I am afraid she will cause some confusion up stairs.' In a few moments my wife, with the best intentions, stole out of the room, and told the servant to be careful. 'Is my room not swept yet!' I exclaimed, at the bottom of the stairs. Without waiting for an answer, I ran up into my room; as I entered, the girl overturned an inkstand, which was standing on the shelf. She was much terrified; I called out harshly, 'How exceedingly stupid you are. Have I not frequently told you to be careful?' My wife slowly and timidly followed me up stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; running to the table, lamenting and moaning, as if the most important writings had been spoiled; though in reality the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet, and some blotting paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away, and my wife approached me with timid gentleness. 'My *dear* husband!' said she. I gazed at her, with vexation in my looks. She embraced me—I wanted to get out of her way. Her face rested on my cheek for a few moments—at last, with unspeakable tenderness, she said, 'You will hurt your health, my dear.' I now began to be ashamed. I was silent, and at last began to weep. 'What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I dare not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of the dominion of that sinful passion.' My wife affectionately replied, 'How many days and weeks pass away without your being over-

come by anger. Let us pray together.' I knelt down beside her; and she prayed so naturally, so fervently, and so much to the purpose, that I thanked God sincerely for that hour, and for my wife."

"*January*, 1773.—I awoke a little before seven o'clock, and addressed myself to the paternal goodness of God. I heard the voice of my dear wife, went to her, and we blessed each other with the tenderest, sweetest, and most confiding affection, discoursing on the fate which, almost certainly, will befall us the present year."

"*January* 6.—A bottle was overturned and broken to pieces. A tranquil, gentle, smiling look from my wife, restrained my rising anger."

"*January* 12.—No one can be more averse to the application of the rod than I am myself. I have never chastised my son *myself;* fearing I should do it with too much passion, I have always left his punishment to my more gentle wife. My child, though of an affectionate disposition, yet sometimes needs the rod. The advice to leave children to the bad consequences of their actions may look very specious on paper; but whoever has the care of children will know that, among a thousand cases, this is scarcely possible in one instance. For instance, it is impossible always to remove scissors and penknives from the table; and if it were possible, I would not do it. External circumstances shall not accommodate themselves to my children; on the contrary my children must learn to accommodate themselves to circumstances. They can not learn not to touch a penknife where there is none; but they must learn not to touch one

where there are ten. If my child disobey me, I give him a stroke on the hand; which, however hard it may be, is, after all, less than the least hurt he might receive by handling the penknife. I would gladly leave him to the *consequences* of his disobedience, but what if he should put out an eye, or disable a hand! I lately found a razor full of notches, and was going to put myself in a passion; but I pacified myself instantly. I asked, in a serious tone, 'My son, have you had this razor?'—'Yes, papa.'—I have nothing more at heart than that my child should never tell lies; I therefore said, 'I shall not punish you this time, because you have readily told me the truth.' Children will certainly rarely tell lies except from fear of punishment."

"*January* 12.—I spoke with my wife of our children. I said, 'I have a presentiment that they will not grow old, though they are in general very healthy.' It gave me great satisfaction to hear her reply, with much resignation, 'The will of the Lord be done. Thank God! they have not been created in vain. They are our children, and the children of their heavenly Father, whether they live or die.'"

"*January* 18.—When I was called to breakfast, the beautiful group which had assembled almost moved me to tears. My dear wife was in bed; little Henry at her left hand, and Nannette on her foot-stool upon two chairs before the bed. She was giving them their soup. I took a pencil, and sketched that family scene on paper. My wife said, smiling, 'You forget one person that belongs to the *group, and is sharing* our pleasure.' My joy was





LAVATER AND HIS WIFE.

We gathered all the flowers we could find, strewing some of them in the lap of Nannette, whom I pushed forward in her little carriage, while Henry, whose hair I adorned with the rest, was drawing the vehicle.

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the rest, was drawing the vehicle. Their dear mother looked on with pleasure. I ordered Henry to be dressed in his Sunday garments, and read to him a little song, which, notwithstanding I had composed it in a great hurry, drew a pearly tear of joy from his mother's eyes. I left the happy circle with reluctance."

X. MRS. FLAXMAN.

MRS FLAXMAN,

WIFE OF JOHN FLAXMAN.

JOHN FLAXMAN ranks among the most distinguished of British Sculptors; and after reading an account of his life by his eloquent biographer, Allan Cunningham, one cannot refrain from believing that the world never contained a better man.

His mind was earnest, enthusiastic, and highly poetic; his temper serene; his affections warm and benevolent; and his whole character shone with the angelic light of pure disinterestedness and cheerful piety. Religion was not with him a thing set apart for occasional use, regarded only for the sake of the world's opinion, or because the world has lost its attractions—it was the vivifying principle of his existence—it guided every feeling, was blended with every thought, and passed into every action. In this dishonest, hypocritical world, a simple-minded, sincere man must necessarily be considered very peculiar; and John Flaxman *was* so regarded. He was peculiar in his religious opinions; being a receiver of the doctrines of the New Jerusalem, or, in

other words, a believer in the writings of Swedenborg. Much of the simplicity and spirituality of his character is reflected in his marbles and his drawings; they are remarkable for an expression of serene loveliness and quiet devotion. His favourite works were those by which he embodied passages of Scripture. In early life Flaxman was poor, and his health feeble. He used to support himself by making drawings and designs for the celebrated porcelain manufactory of the Wedgwoods. When he became eminent he loved to allude to these humble labours of his early life; and since his death the models have been eagerly sought after. But though Flaxman was largely endowed with genius, he found no royal road to fame. He met with mortifications and disappointments, and gained final success only by the most laborious industry. "From his twentieth to his twenty-seventh year he lived as all young artists must do who have no other fortune than clear heads and clever hands. His labours for the Wedgwoods maintained him; but he was no lover of jovial circles, and was abstemious in all things save a hungering and thirsting for knowledge."

"In the year 1782, when twenty-seven years old, he quitted the paternal roof, hired a small house and studio in Wardour Street, collected a stock of choice models, set his sketches in good order, and took unto himself a wife, Ann Denman,—one whom he had long loved, and one who well deserved his affection. She was amiable and accomplished, had a taste for *art* and literature, was skilful in French and Italian, *and, like* her husband, had acquired some knowledge

of the Greek. But what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius—she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency—regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy—arranged his drawings—managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all particulars so that it seemed as if the church in performing a marriage had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and one blood. That tranquillity of mind, so essential to those who live by thought, was of his household; and the sculptor, happy in the company of one who had taste and enthusiasm, soon renewed with double zeal the studies which courtship and matrimony had for a time interrupted. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'So, Flaxman,' said the President one day, as he chanced to meet him, 'I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist.' Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, 'I am ruined for an artist.'—'John,' said she, 'how has this happened, and who has done it?'—'It happened,' said he, 'in the church, and Ann Denman has done it; I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession.'

"For a moment a cloud hung on Flaxman's brow; but this worthy couple understood each other too well to have their happiness seriously marred by the *unguarded and* peevish remark of a wealthy old

bachelor. They were proud, determined people, who asked no one's advice, who shared their domestic secrets with none of their neighbours, and lived as if they were unconscious that they were in the midst of a luxurious city. 'Ann,' said the sculptor, 'I have long thought that I could not rise to distinction in art without studying in Italy, but these words of Reynolds have determined me. I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left; and to shew him that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will lie under the charge of detaining me.' In this resolution Mrs Flaxman fully concurred. They resolved to prepare themselves in silence for the journey, to inform no one of their intentions, and to set meantime a still stricter watch over their expenditure. No assistance was proffered by the Academy, nor was any asked; and five years elapsed from the day of the memorable speech of the President before Flaxman, by incessant study and labour, had accumulated the means of departing for Italy.

"The image of Flaxman's household immediately after his marriage is preserved in the description of one who respected his genius and his worth. 'I remember him well, so do I his wife, and also his humble little house in Wardour Street. All was neat, nay elegant; the figures from which he studied were the fairest that could be had, and all in his studio was propriety and order. But what struck me most

was that air of devout quiet which reigned every where; the models which he made, and the designs which he drew, were not more serene than he was himself; and his wife had that meek composure of manner which he so much loved in art. Yet better than all was the devout feeling of this singular man; there was no ostentatious display of piety, nay, he was in some sort a lover of mirth and sociality, but he was a reader of the Scriptures, and a worshipper of sincerity, and if ever Purity visited the earth, she resided with John Flaxman.'"

At Rome, Flaxman, like most other artists, was obliged to do something for his support. He was employed by persons of his own nation to make illustrations of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante. These splendid works procured him extensive reputation. "The illustrations of Homer were made for Mrs Hare Nayler, at the price of some fifteen shillings a-piece; but the fame which they brought to the name of Flaxman was more than a recompense. Long ere this time of life he had shewn, in numerous instances, that he regarded gold only as a thing to barter for food and raiment, and which enabled him to realise, in benevolent deeds, the generous wishes of his heart. As a fountain whence splendour, honour, and respect might flow, he never considered it—and in a plain dress, and from a frugal table, he appeared among the rich and the titled, neither seeking their notice nor shunning it. In all these sentiments his wife shared. Those who desire to see Flaxman aright during his seven years' study *in Italy, must* not forget to admit into the picture

the modest matron who was ever at his side, aiding him by her knowledge and directing him by her taste. She was none of those knowing dames who hold their lords in a sort of invisible vassalage, or, with submission on their lips and rebellion in their hearts, make the victim walk as suits their sovereign will and pleasure. No—they loved each other truly—they read the same books—thought the same thoughts—prized the same friends—and, like bones of the same bosom, were at peace with each other, and had no wish to be separated. Their residence was in the Via Felice; and all who wished to be distinguished for taste or genius were visitors of the sculptor's humble abode.

"After a residence of more than seven years in Rome, Flaxman returned to England, hired a modest house in Buckingham Street; erected shops and studios; arranged his models and his marbles; and resolved to try his fortune in poetic sculpture." "For this," says the poet Campbell, "he had an expansion of fancy, elevation of thought, a holy beauty of feeling. His female forms may want finished luxuriance, but they have a charm more expressive and inexpressible, from the vestal purity of his sentiment, than finish could have given them."

Those who had hitherto supposed Sir Joshua Reynolds was in the right, when he said wedlock must spoil Flaxman for an artist, now began to think they could derive some honour from being associated with him; and he was unanimously *elected* a member of the Royal Academy. His fame *was now* so well established, that he might have

associated with the noble and the wealthy had his meek and placid character allowed him to form such wishes. But he loved his home, and gave himself up to the quiet, tasteful amusements of his own fireside. Sir Thomas Lawrence said, "His solitude was made enjoyment to him by a fancy teeming with images of tenderness, purity, or grandeur." Drawing was at once his business and his recreation. His biographer says, "there is a prodigious affluence of imagination in all his sketches and drawings; and his shops, studio, and sketch-books, exhibit them in hundreds, nay, in thousands. To name all his sketches would occupy many pages, and to describe them, at the rate of five lines to each, would be to compose a volume. Some of his illustrations of the Pilgrim's Progress equal that religious romance in simplicity, and far surpass it in loftiness; something of the same sort may be said of his designs for Sotheby's translation of Oberon—forty in number. But the work on which his fancy most delighted to expatiate was Hesiod. He loved the days of innocence and the age of gold, when philosophers went barefooted, kings held the plough, princesses washed their own linen, and poets sung, like the northern minstrel, for food and raiment. There are thirty-six illustrations; and for simplicity, loveliness, and grace, they fairly rival any of his other works."

In dress Flaxman was as plain as if he belonged to the Society of Friends. Unlike most of his brother artists, he kept no coach or servants in *livery. To the* men he employed, he was extremely

liberal and kind. "When they were ill, he continued their wages, and paid their doctor's bill. He made himself acquainted with their wants, and with their families, and aided them in the most agreeable and delicate way. If any of them were unavoidably absent, he said, 'Providence made six days for work in the week; take your full wages.' He was so generally beloved, and so widely known, that if you stopped a tipsy mason in the street, and asked him what he thought of John Flaxman, he would answer, 'The best master God ever made.' No alloy of meanness mingled with his nature. He has been known to return part of the money for a monument when he thought the price too high."

An eminent artist said of him, "Flaxman is inaccessible either to censure or praise—he is proud but not shy; diffident but not retiring—as plain as a peasant in his dress, and as humble as the rudest clown, yet even all that unites in making up this remarkable mixture of simplicity and genius—and were you to try *any other* ingredients, may I be hanged if you would form so glorious a creature!" He paused a little, and added, "I wish he would not bow so low to the lowly—his civility oppresses."

A distinguished sculptor being asked concerning Flaxman's mode of study and his conversation, replied, "I cannot tell you. He lived as if he did not belong to the world—his ways were not our ways. He had odd fashions—he dressed—you know how he dressed; he dined at one—wrought after dinner, which no other artist does—drank tea at six; and *then, sir,* no one ever found him in the evening

parties of the rich or the noble: he was happy at home, and so he kept himself; of all the members of the Academy, the man whom I know least of is Flaxman."

His conversation was more frequently lively, gay, and eloquent, than serious. The following circumstance will give an idea of the sports of fancy in which he sometimes indulged. He once bought a small Chinese casket of very rich workmanship, and gave it to his wife and sister. The ladies placed it upon the table before them, and while the sculptor was sketching, began to talk about the present.—"This is a pretty thing," said one, "and not made yesterday either: its history must be curious."—"Curious, no doubt," said the other; "we can easily make a history for it. What is it without its genealogy?—was it not made in the reign of the illustrious Ching-Fu, by one of the muses of China, to hold the golden maxims of Confucius?"—"And obtained in barter," continued the other, "for glass beads and twopenny knives, by one of those wandering genii called in Britain trading captains?" Flaxman smiled at this history, and forthwith set to work with pen and pencil.

He composed a poem of some hundred lines describing the adventures of the casket. A princess of China is informed by a nightingale that there is a splendid casket in the bowers of Paradise, guarded by genii—she obtains the wonderful treasure—a magician riding through the air on winged tigers wishes to fill the box with spells and magic—The Princess

and her sisters hurl the enchanter down amid hissing serpents and sulphurous flame.

The casket is deposited on Mount Hermon—the genii bestow it on a good poet, who fills it with virtuous maxims and verses, and an angel guards it. The poet dies, and another has possession of it; at first his strains are pure and virtuous; but he indulges in wanton thoughts, and indignant angels snatch the casket away—They float through the air with the precious burden, and deliver it to the sea-maids and tritons, who with shout and song convey it across the ocean; the Genius of the British Isle finally receives it. Ten sketches in pencil illustrated the story.

A similar effort of his genius was dedicated to his wife, in a manner alike affectionate and tasteful.

He caused a quarto volume to be made, in which he wrote the story and illustrated the adventures of a Christian hero, who goes out into the world to protect the weak, aid the suffering, and punish the bad. Temptations in every form surround him—good and evil spirits contend for victory—his own passions are around him in terrific shapes—he follows a guardian angel, and escapes all dangers—becomes a purified spirit, and is commissioned to watch over the good on earth. In this capacity he spreads spiritual light around, watches over innocence, and protects the oppressed.

The sketches, which are forty in number, are delicate, graceful, full of poetic beauty, and surrounded, as it were, by a serene and holy atmosphere. "On *the first* page of this book was drawn a dove, with an *olive*-branch in her mouth; an angel is on each side,

and between is written, 'To Ann Flaxman;' below, two hands are clasped, as at the altar, two cherubs bear a garland, and the following inscription to his wife introduces the subject:—'The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which, under the allegory of a knight-errant's adventures, indicate the trials of virtue and the conquest of vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence.' After the hero is called to the spiritual world, and blest with a celestial union, he is armed with power for the exercise of his ministry, and for fulfilling the dispensations of Providence; he becomes the associate of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as universal Benevolence, is employed in acts of mercy. John Flaxman, October 2, 1796."

"For thirty-eight years Flaxman lived wedded. His health was generally good, his spirits ever equal; and his wife, to whom his fame was happiness, had been always at his side. She was a most cheerful, intelligent woman, a collector, too, of drawings and sketches, and an admirer of Stothard, of whose designs and prints she had amassed more than a thousand. Her husband paid her the double respect due to affection and talent, and when any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say, with a smile, 'Ask Mrs Flaxman, she is my dictionary.' She maintained the simplicity and dignity of her husband, and refused all presents of paintings, or drawings, or books, unless some reciprocal interchange were made. It is almost needless to say that Flaxman loved such a woman very tenderly. The hour of their separation

approached—she fell ill, and died in the year 1820, and from the time of this bereavement something like a lethargy came over his spirit.

"He was now in his sixty-sixth year, and surrounded with the applause of the world. His studies were filled with orders and commissions. His sister—a lady of taste and talent like his own—and his wife's sister, were of his household; but she who had shared all his joys and sorrows was gone, and nothing could comfort him." He continued, however, the same habits of industry, the same kind interest in the situation and wishes of others, the same cheerful intercourse with his few cherished friends. His health was feeble, but he suffered little.

One morning a stranger called upon him, and, presenting a book, said, "This work was sent to you by an Italian artist, and I am requested to apologise for its extraordinary dedication. It was generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead; and my friend, wishing to shew the world how much he esteemed your genius, has inscribed his book, '*Al ombra di Flaxman*' [*To the shade of Flaxman.*] No sooner was it published than the report of your death was contradicted; and the author, affected by his mistake (which he rejoices to find a mistake), begs you will receive his work as an apology."

Flaxman smiled—accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family, and some of his friends.

This singular occurrence happened on the 2d of December. The next day he took a cold, from which he never recovered. He died peacefully, as he had

lived. The following words are inscribed on his tomb :—

"John Flaxman. R.A.P.S., whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality; his angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver on the 7th of December 1826, in the seventy-second year of his age."

"Peace be with the memory of him who died," as Sir Thomas Lawrence happily said, "in his own small circle of affection; enduring pain, but full of meekness, gratitude, and faith!"

XI. MRS HOWARD.

MRS HOWARD,

WIFE OF MR JOHN HOWARD.

THIS great philanthropist was born at Clapton, a large village near London, in 1727. He inherited a handsome fortune from his father, who was a wealthy upholsterer.

The most distinguishing trait of his early character was overflowing kindness; and this benevolent feeling guided by a most correct judgment, remained with him through life, and made him a blessing to the world.

It was his favourite maxim that "Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others; our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others; and even our necessities should give way to the extremities of the poor."

There was a perfect harmony between his theory and his actions. His ready and earnest benevolence made him an object of idolatry among the poor of his neighbourhood; and when he was abroad on his *great mission* of humanity, he never forgot to give

such orders as were necessary to supply their necessities.

In ten years he travelled more than forty-two thousand miles for the sole purpose of relieving distress. He visited nearly all the prisons and hospitals of Europe; endured toil and privation; risked infection; boldly spoke offensive truths to princes, nobles, and men in power; and liberally expended his income, where money could be productive of good. His generosity was particularly exercised toward worthy people imprisoned for small debts. On such occasions he would often return to his family in great joy, saying, "I have made a poor woman happy; I have sent her husband home to her and her children."

This good man was twice married. His first connexion seems to have been formed entirely from motives of gratitude to a highly respectable widow, who had been exceedingly kind to him during a severe illness. He was then about twenty-five years old, and his bride had numbered rather more than twice as many years. She was a sincere, affectionate, and sensible woman, and her husband respected and esteemed her. In two or three years the connexion was dissolved by her death.

To her who was truly his wife he was united in 1758, when he was about thirty years old. She was the daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq., of Croxton. Early accustomed to the indulgences of wealth, she formed no frivolous tastes, no expensive habits. Amiable, affectionate, and benevolent, she found her greatest delight in doing good. They were both





MRS HOWARD VISITING THE COTTAGERS AT CARDINGTON.

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pious. She cordially assisted in all his plans, seconded all his wishes, and seemed to have adopted the creed of Milton's Eve, "God is thy law, thou mine."

Their residence at Cardington was fitted up in the neatest and most unostentatious manner. All the linen necessary to furnish the house was spun by the cottagers in the neighbourhood, under the immediate superintendence of Mrs Howard herself; and during his life he always made it an object to use such articles as could be manufactured by his poor neighbours. When absent for any time, he always left particular directions for the comfort of his aged nurse; and when he was at home, he would himself see that coals were sent to her cottage, to warm her bed, every night when the weather was cold enough to require it. In all these things Mrs Howard warmly sympathised. She attended upon the sick, fed the hungry, and clothed the destitute. Soon after her marriage she sold her jewels, and put the money into her husband's charity purse. On settling his accounts one year, Mr Howard found an unexpected balance in his favour; and he asked his wife if she would like to take a trip to London.—"What a comfortable cottage for a poor person might be built with the money we should expend!" was her benevolent reply. The sum was appropriated as she suggested; and this excellent couple enjoyed the purest satisfaction of the human heart—that of preferring the good of others to our own.

The same sympathy prevailed in their religious *impressions.*

Wishing to observe the effect on her mind, Mr Howard once asked her to accompany him to some place of fashionable resort in London. In the midst of the brilliant crowd she seemed serious and contemplative.—"Tell me, dear Harriet, what you are thinking about," said he.—"I am thinking of Mr ——'s sermon last Sunday," she replied.

A degree of simple and tasteful elegance pervaded their dwelling, and gave indication of that true refinement which usually accompanies purity of heart.

There was a good deal of rural beauty in the arrangement of the grounds. In one place the broad gravel walk was thickly shaded by majestic firs, which Mr Howard brought home when he returned from his first travels on the continent. One tree, planted by his beloved wife, was the object of his peculiar attachment. Many a happy hour was spent in this quiet grove, in devising and talking over the extensive schemes of benevolence which he afterward lived to execute.

A rustic hermitage, called the Root House, on account of its being made entirely of the roots and trunks of trees, was a favourite place of resort.

A lamp made out of a root was in the centre, and masses of peat served for chairs. A book-shelf was fitted into a recess in the wall, and the Gothic portico and windows admitted light enough for the student. This little library betrayed the tastes and feelings of the owner; for here might be seen the works of Hervey, Flavel, Baxter, Milton, Thomson, Young, and Watts.

Mr Howard, though mild and affectionate, was a

great friend to subordination in families. He thought implicit obedience was the duty of wives as well as children; and he would hardly have assented to the omission which the liberality of modern clergymen has induced them to make in the marriage-service—an omission which, after all, "breaks the word of promise to the ear, but keeps it to the sense;" for how can a woman love and honour her husband without obeying him? While people love and honour each other, it is natural to yield to each other's wishes. But if they do not love and honour each other, mere obedience is a lifeless observance of the vow.

Before their union, Mr Howard wished his lady to make a promise that if a discussion arose upon any subject it should always be left to his decision. She cheerfully made the promise; and what is more to the purpose, she always kept it.

More complete happiness than fell to the lot of this worthy pair can hardly be imagined to exist on earth —perfect sympathy on all subjects, with the power and the will to do good continually. For about seven years Mr Howard enjoyed the company of his beloved partner and valuable assistant; and then death came to interrupt for a time the union which was to be renewed in heaven. Mrs Howard died in March 1765, soon after the birth of their only child. Her husband felt his loss acutely, but he bore it like a Christian. He never alluded to her without expressions of affection and respect, amounting to veneration. He caused a tablet to be erected to her

memory in Cardington church, bearing the following beautiful inscription :—

In hope of a resurrection to eternal life,
through the mercy of God by Jesus Christ,
Rests the mortal part of
HENRIETTA HOWARD,
Daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq.,
of Croxton in Cambridgeshire;
who died the 31st of March 1765, aged 39.
She opened her mouth with wisdom,
And in her tongue was the law of kindness.
Proverbs, xxxi. 26.

The education of his little son was the greatest consolation of the lonely widower. Riding, walking, or gardening, the child was with him almost as constantly as his shadow. At church, the father was regularly seen with his arms round the boy's waist, while the little hands rested on his shoulder, or fondled his face, in infant familiarity.

Several years after the death of his wife, Mr Howard pointed to a tree among the grove of firs, and said to his son, with earnest solemnity, "Jack, I charge you, as you value my blessing, never allow that tree to be removed. It was planted by your mother."

Feeling that his own care, however assiduous, could not supply the place of maternal solicitude, Mr Howard had engaged a pious and judicious woman to take charge of his child; and after having had sufficient experience of her fidelity and discretion, he resolved to go abroad to fulfil the benevolent intentions

he had so long indulged. He had twice before visited the continent, and been a close observer of whatever affected the welfare of his fellow-creatures. In 1769 he left England for the purpose of devoting his time and talents entirely to the cause of humanity; and the remainder of his life was principally spent in dungeons, lazarettos, and other abodes of wretchedness. The exertions he made, and the amount of good he effected, are almost incredible. He would not indulge himself in visiting the beautiful and magnificent works of art, because he could not spare the time from what he deemed a more important object; his dress, though gentlemanly, was exceedingly plain; he drank no wine, or spirituous liquors of any kind; and for a great many years his diet consisted entirely of such simple food as milk, bread, fruit, &c.

The miniature of his beloved wife was the constant companion of his travels. His heart was ever with the child she had left to his care. His paternal exhortations were earnest and frequent; and he often returned to England to observe his progress and make arrangements for his education. Yet this son was doomed to be to him a child of sorrow. A wicked, but hypocritical servant, initiated him into vice. Dissipation ruined his health, and finally made him insane. The news of his irretrievable madness almost broke his father's heart; but he found consolation in the God whom he had always served. Writing to his faithful steward, he says, "I fear he gives you, as well as others, a great deal of trouble. A great loss to children is their mother; for they *check and form* the mind, curbing the corrupt passions

of pride and self-will, which are seen very early in children. I must leave it to Him, with whom are all hearts, and sigh in secret; trusting that the blessing of such an excellent mother is laid up for him."

In this very letter, while this dreadful calamity was so recent, the heart-stricken parent does not forget to order three pounds sterling to be given to each of the widows and invalids among his tenants; three pounds of delicious currants, fresh from Zante, to every poor family in Cardington; two guineas to an orphan girl; and a long list of other Christmas presents to the industrious poor.

Early in 1787 Mr Howard returned to England, to try the effect of his own affectionate attentions upon the deranged mind of his son; and it must have proved a bitter trial to his anxious heart, to find that the sight of him always increased the delirium. After a series of unavailing efforts to restore his reason, he was compelled to place him in a lunatic asylum.

His inspection of the prisons and mad-houses of England was followed by great and immediate improvements, and thousands of human beings at the present day owe to him an amelioration of their miserable lot.

The benevolent exertions of Mr Howard excited universal respect and admiration; and a subscription was set on foot to erect a statue to his memory.

This public tribute was painful to his humble and modest feelings, and he begged his friends to prevent *the* plan from being carried into execution.—"Who, *that* knows the sinfulness of his own heart, could al-

low himself to receive such an honour!" said he. He gave directions that a plain slip of marble, placed beneath his wife's tablet, should record when and where he died, with the simple epitaph, "*Christ is my Hope.*"

This apostle of humanity died at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, on the 21st of January 1790, aged sixty-four. He desired to be buried without pomp, and without monumental inscription. His ruling passion was shewn in death; for his last orders were, that his grave should be made useful to his fellow-mortals, when he was no longer alive to serve them. "Lay me quietly in the earth, *place a sun-dial over my grave*," said he, "and let me be forgotten."

His request, excepting the last clause, was complied with—forgotten he can never be.

A marble, bearing the record he desired, was placed under his wife's tablet at Cardington.

A statue was afterwards erected to his memory in St Paul's Cathedral, London; and in his gardens at Cardington, Samuel Whitbread, Esq., raised a pedestal, with an inscription to commemorate his virtues and the attachment of his faithful old gardener. The servants and dependants of Howard could never mention their benefactor, or his wife, without tears; and the most trifling articles which had belonged to them were considered precious relics.

The old gardener was alive in 1812, and took great delight in pointing out to visitors the tree planted by Mrs Howard. The identical Bible, in which the great philanthropist sought for guidance and consolation during the intervals of his travels, still occupies its accustomed place in the Root House.

XII. CATHERINE DE BORA.

CATHERINE DE BORA,

WIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

It would be unnecessary to speak of Luther as a Reformer, even if the characters and proceedings of public men were connected with the purposes of this volume: *his* biography forms a part of the world's history, and marks one of the grandest epochs in the progress of the human mind. We hardly need to be told that he was learned, enthusiastic, and daring; for we instantly feel that none but such a man could, or would, have undertaken the great work he performed. The reformation of extensive evils,—evils sanctioned by self-interest and sustained by power,—has always been effected by individuals bold and zealous even to rashness. The timid and the cautious fall into the ranks when the danger is over, and often share the triumph; but what the world calls "a prudent man," would never answer for a pioneer in the cause either of civil or religious liberty. There is always a vast mass of energy and talent lying latent in the community; and it is a beautiful *feature in God's* providence, that the progress of

events inevitably produces the very characters, and elicits the very qualities, that are most needed.

In the sixteenth century, a strong and fearless champion was required against the insupportable tyranny and gross corruptions of the Church of Rome; and the excess of papal pride prepared the way for its own destruction by kindling the impetuous indignation of Martin Luther.

Fortunately for the world, the active mind of this great man was never subjected to the enervating influences of wealth and luxury. He was born in an obscure village of Saxony, in the year 1483; his father was a miner. At fourteen years of age, when he was at school in Eisenach, he was obliged with other poor students to gain a living by singing before the doors of houses. He used to call this "bread music." But although he had an uncommonly fine voice, he did not always obtain a supper for a song; and sometimes he met with proud refusals and unkind reproaches, exceedingly grievous to his noble and independent nature. One day when he was entirely overcome with dejection and shame, the wife of a worthy citizen, named Conrad Cotta, took pity upon him, and refreshed him liberally with food. His manners prepossessed the good woman so much in his favour that she obtained her husband's permission to take him into the house, and provide for him until he was fitted for the university.

After staying three years at Eisenach, he went to the University of Erfurt. Here he soon became renowned for his scholarship. It was his father's

wish that he should study law; but several fits of illness, and the loss of an intimate friend, who was struck dead at his side by lightning, spread something of gloom over his mind, and he suddenly resolved to become a monk. His parents, who were very pious and sensible people, tried in vain to dissuade him from what he deemed a conscientious sacrifice to God. He strictly fulfilled his monastic duties, even to the humiliating task of standing porter at the door, and going through the town to beg alms for the convent; but it was a course of life which ill suited his free and active temper; and a heaviness which he could not dispel took possession of his spirit.

He was removed from these depressing influences by the friendship of a nobleman, who recommended him as a public teacher of philosophy in the University at Wittemberg. Here his mind, no longer cramped by unnatural circumstances, resumed its expansive power; and his learning and eloquence soon gained him friends among the powerful and distinguished. A mission to Rome gave him but too many proofs of the profligacy and hypocrisy then prevailing in the church, and he expressed his opinion without respect of persons. By degrees he became engaged in an angry controversy. The Pope tried to overawe him; but Luther had a spirit that would not bend, and could not be broken. Some of the German princes, and a large body of the people, tired of papal oppression, sincerely wished well to Luther and his cause. Emboldened *by safety and* success, he went on attacking, one

after another, the strongholds of Catholic power. The Pope issued decrees forbidding all people to read his writings, and threatening him with excommunication, and the sentence of outlawry (by which any one who met him had a right to kill him), if he did not recant what he had written. The Emperor Charles the Fifth being called upon to put his threat in execution, summoned Luther to appear before a Diet at Worms. His friends earnestly entreated him not to go, believing he would not return alive; but the undaunted Reformer replied, "I will go, if there be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses."

He maintained his cause with firmness and eloquence; concluding by saying, "I neither can nor will recant, because it is not safe, or advisable, to do anything which is against my own conscience. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise, so help me God! Amen."

Many of his enemies tried to persuade Charles the Fifth to break the promise he had given, that Luther should be safely conveyed home; telling him he was under no obligation to keep his word to a heretic; but to this the Emperor replied, "What is promised must be performed. And even if the whole world should lie, princes ought to adhere to the truth."

Luther accordingly departed from Worms under the protection of a strong escort, after having received the most flattering attentions from several princes and persons of distinction. A singular circumstance occurred while he was dining with the







LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

He maintained his cause with firmness and eloquence: concluding by saying, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; so help me God! Amen."

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Elector of Treves; just as he was raising a glass of wine to his lips, the glass suddenly shivered into atoms. It was a prevalent opinion among the guests that some kind of strong poison had been infused into the wine.

On his way home he was attacked by a couple of knights, taken prisoner, and conveyed to the Castle of Wartburg. This proved, however, to be the friendly interference of the Elector of Saxony, who wished to secrete him for a time from the active hatred of the Catholics. At the castle he was known only by the name of Sir George; and elsewhere it was generally believed he had been killed, or taken prisoner by his enemies. Here he began his translation of the New Testament; and by his exertions the Bible was distributed among a mass of benighted people, to whom it had been expressly forbidden by the priests.

It was the policy of the ignorant and insidious monks of that day to keep the people in darkness. One of them says, "I observe in the hands of many persons a book which they call *the New Testament.* It is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, my dear brethren, it is certain that whoever learns it becomes immediately a Jew."

Such teachers of course had a most unbounded dislike to the man who had both the will and the courage to spread light among the people; and it is no wonder that numerous attempts were made to assassinate him. In this perilous situation his life could not have been saved, had not God so disposed *the hearts* of princes, that they wished to preserve

him as a salutary check against the tyranny of the pope.

In one form the power of the church was severely felt by innumerable victims of both sexes. The revenues of the church, and the strength of its influence, were prodigiously increased by monastic institutions; hence it became a matter of policy to decoy young persons into toils from which they could never escape. All the awful, and all the seductive power of the Catholic religion was used to effect this purpose. The young girl, just emerging from childhood, was taught that there was something holy and beautiful in being the bride of Heaven. The ceremony of taking the veil was invested with all the pomp and gaiety of a wedding; the brain of the young victim was made giddy with her own momentary importance, and the splendid preparations for her spiritual nuptials; music lent its powerful aid to a species of mental intoxication, in which human vanity was strangely blended with feelings more holy and mysterious; and in this delirium of fancy and of feeling, the simple maiden took the solemn vow, which for ever separated her from all the best and purest hopes of the human heart. It was indeed *possible* to return to the world after the veil of probationship had been fastened on the innocent head by a wreath of flowers; but public opinion branded such a step as capricious and impious, and the priests declared that it drew down the vengeance of an offended God. How could a timid *girl* be expected to brave at once the terrors of earth *and* Heaven? With few exceptions they lingered

on—and took the perpetual vow—and learned too late that the human heart *must* have human affections. Some were no doubt comparatively happy; but by far the greater part passed their existence in a perpetual struggle between the natural yearnings of the heart, and the unnatural duties imposed upon them by their religion. And to these deluded victims were added many unwilling ones, forced into monastic seclusion by ambitious parents, who were desirous to concentrate their wealth and honours upon one favoured child.

The spirit of light and liberty diffused by Luther found its way even into the dark recesses of the cloister. It became no uncommon thing for monks to quit their profession; and at last woman's feebler nature arose and shook off the yoke that had broken many a pure and loving heart. In 1523 nine nuns escaped from the Convent of Nimptschen, near Grimma. This event of course produced a great excitement; even the princes who were favourable to the reformed religion did not dare to protect the fugitives openly.

But Luther, as usual, scorned to proceed with caution. He wrote and spoke boldly in defence of the nuns, and praised those who had assisted them to escape. He even went so far as to throw off the monastic habit, which he had continued to wear until that time. Among the nuns was Catherine de Bora, a handsome woman, of highly respectable family, who became the object of a very strong and enduring attachment on the part of Luther. Some lingering *prejudices* concerning the propriety of marriage

between a monk and nun induced him to repress his feelings for a time. But finding nothing in Scripture to support his scruples, and being strongly urged to it by his revered parents, he suddenly resolved to marry. He was united to Catherine de Bora in 1525—the bridegroom was forty-two years old, and the bride twenty-six. Considering the state of public opinion at that period, the power and rage of his enemies, and his own want of fortune, it was certainly a very bold step; but it was one which he never repented. The advocates of the Romish Church took this occasion to pour forth a fresh torrent of abuse. Some affirmed that he was insane; others that he was possessed by an evil spirit; and many loaded both him and his wife with epithets which it would pollute these pages to quote. The storm raged with such fury, that even the courageous Luther was a little disheartened at first. He says, "My marriage has made me so despicable, that I hope my humiliation will rejoice the angels and vex the devils."

But a man conscious of thoroughly upright motives cannot long be put out of countenance by the injustice of public opinion. Catherine proved a helpmate indeed; and in her faithful love he found perpetual consolation. Her unremitting tenderness during his frequent attacks of illness called forth his warmest gratitude; and when he spoke of her to his friends, her name was always coupled with the most affectionate expressions.

In a temperament like his, disease naturally induced occasional gloom and petulance, which she bore with the most unvarying good temper; always

exerting her influence to soothe and enliven him. By these means she obtained such hold upon his affections, that he was wont to compare his greatest temporal blessings with her. His favourite production was his Commentary on Galatians: and he shewed his preference by always calling it "his Catherine de Bora."

He was apt to linger long in the company of his wife and children, and never denied himself this gratification except when he was engaged in finishing some great work. Once he locked himself up in his study, and remained three days and three nights without any other nourishment than bread and water. For some time his wife refrained from disturbing him; but finding her repeated calls at the door unanswered, she became very much alarmed, and at last persuaded some persons to break into the room. Luther was at his writing-desk entirely absorbed in meditation when they entered. At first he was displeased at the intrusion, and said to her, "Do you not know that I must work while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no one can work?" But his heart was soon touched when she told him how much anxiety he had caused her. Like most courageous and enthusiastic men, Luther had a heart as docile and affectionate as a little child. He could never see his wife or children suffer without shedding tears; and once, when he was spectator of a chase, he tried to save the life of a poor little trembling hare by wrapping it in his cloak: the dogs, however, discovered it, and killed it.

His disposition was frank and social, and his conversation was alike distinguished for learning and

playfulness. He was no friend to large parties. He once said, "I waste a great deal of time by going to entertainments. I do not know what devil has given rise to this custom. I cannot well refuse to go to them, but at the same time it is a great disadvantage to me."

He had nevertheless a keen relish for social intercourse, and his friends delighted to see him in his own domestic circle. His affectionate deportment as a husband and father mingled beautifully with his religious exercises, and threw something of sunshine about his home.

He was exceedingly fond of music, and insisted that it had great power in producing pious and elevated thoughts—in his hours of dejection nothing soothed him so effectually. In the evening he always sang a hymn before he parted from his family and friends.*

Gardening was likewise a favourite amusement with him. Writing to a friend to procure him some seeds, he says, "While Satan rages, I will laugh at him, and enjoy my Creator in the garden."

He and his student Wolfgang once busied themselves in learning the turner's trade.—"My reasons," said he, "are, that if it should so happen that the world would not support us, for the sake of the Word of God, we might be able to earn our bread by the labour of our hands."

External honours were of little value in Luther's estimation. He reproved popes and princes as freely

* *It is* generally supposed that Luther composed the popular *tune* called Old Hundred.

as if they had been common men; and his manner toward his inferiors was always meek and affable. A coachman who had carried certain persons to Wittemberg had a strong desire to see "*the true pope*," as Luther was then generally called by the people. Having asked leave, he was readily introduced into the house, and, in a respectful and bashful manner took his station by the door. Luther, perceiving his shyness, went up to him, shook his hand very cordially, invited him to the table, drank to his health, and handed him his own glass, which in those days was considered a peculiar honour. The man was delighted, and boasted every where that he had sat at the same table with Dr Martin Luther.

Luther deemed it a duty to be with his children a good deal. He used to say, "We must often prattle with children, and thus come to their assistance in whatever is good." He was a fond but very strict father. Once when his son had committed a fault, he would neither see nor hear of him for three days; yet this was his favourite child, whom he always called "his Johnny."—"I," said Luther, "would fain see one that could make these two agree together, to be *joyful* and to be *afraid*. I cannot behave myself in that manner toward God; but my little son, John, can shew himself so toward me; for when I sit in my study, and write, or do something else, then my boy sings me a song; and when he will be too loud, then I check him a little; yet, nevertheless, he singeth on, but with a more mild and softer tone, and somewhat with fear and reverence. Even so will

God likewise have us to do—that we should always rejoice in Him, yet with fear and reverence."

Luther had no taste for luxury and parade; his manner of living was simple in the extreme. When advised to lay up something for his children, he replied, "That will I not do: for else will they not rely on God and their hands, but on their gold."

In all respects Luther's wishes were a law to his wife; and he, on his part, seems to have mingled no small degree of respect with his affection for her. We are not informed whether she was a woman of strong intellect; but it is to be supposed that she was sensible, as well as affectionate, else such a man as Luther would not have delighted so much in her company. A learned English gentleman, who often dined with them, spoke German imperfectly.—"I will give you my wife for a schoolmistress," said the Reformer; "she shall teach you to speak Dutch purely and readily; for she is very eloquent, and so perfect therein, that she far surpasseth me."

In a letter to Stifelius, he says, "My rib, Kate, salutes you, and thanks you for the favour of your kind letter. She is very well, through God's mercy; and is obedient and complying with me in all things, and more agreeable, I thank God, than I could have expected; so that I would not change my poverty for the wealth of Crœsus."

He often said he would not exchange his wife for the kingdom of France or the riches of Venice; and that for three good reasons. 1. Because she was *given* him at the time when he implored the assistance

of God in finding a good wife; 2. Because, though she was not faultless, she had fewer faults than any other woman; 3. Because she had been very faithful in her affection to him.

Luther's constitution was enfeebled by frequent illness and severe pain. In January 1546 he thus addresses a friend:—"I write to you though old, decrepit, inactive, languid, and now possessed of only one eye. When drawing to the brink of the grave I had hopes of obtaining a reasonable share of rest; but I continue to be overpowered with writing, preaching, and business, in the same manner as if I had not discharged my part in these duties in the early period of life."

Yet six days after writing this he had energy enough to undertake a journey to Eisleben, his native place, in order to decide a dispute concerning the brass and silver mines in that place. He was accompanied by his three sons, and the Count of Mansfield came with a hundred horsemen to meet him.

This journey was his last. He died at Eisleben after a brief illness. In his will he spoke of his wife with great tenderness; praising her integrity, modesty, and fidelity—and testifying that she had truly loved him, and faithfully served him. To her he left what little property he possessed. His body was carried to Wittemberg, and an oration pronounced by his dearly-beloved friend, Melancthon. The funeral was conducted with pomp better suited to his great reputation than to his own simple habits while living. Princes, nobles, professors, students, and an

immense concourse of people followed him to the grave.

The year after his death, when the troops of Charles the Fifth quartered in Wittemberg, a soldier gave Luther's effigy two stabs with his dagger; and the Spaniards were very desirous of having the monument of the heretic demolished, and his bones burned. The emperor nobly replied, "Luther is now subject to another Judge, whose jurisdiction it is not for me to usurp. I war not with the dead."

Catherine, the widow of Luther, survived him nearly seven years, and died at Torgau in 1552.

His children, consisting of three sons and a daughter, were saved from poverty by the generosity of the Elector of Saxony and the Counts of Mansfield.

XIII. CONCLUDING REMARKS.



CONCLUDING REMARKS.

My dear young friends, let me now entreat you to reflect upon the information to be derived from the perusal of my little volume. What does it teach you? What erroneous opinions has it corrected? In the life of the Princess you see the uncertainty of existence. She was young, healthy, and possessed rank and riches; but of what avail were they in the hour of her extremity? The most eminent medical men in the kingdom could not save her life, or even prolong her departure for a moment, when God sent his summons for her soul. Why then should we attach an improper value to wealth and earthly grandeur, since their tenure is so uncertain, and their possession inadequate to shield from trouble?

Look at the life of Lady Jane Grey. What did she derive from her exalted station? Misery in life, terminated by a violent and premature death. All earthly acquisitions merit but little estimation, except as they can be made instrumental for promoting our eternal welfare in a better world, or as they may enable us to benefit our fellow-creatures in this. I *mean not* to depreciate learning—far from it: know-

ledge brings us nearer to the Source from whence it springs. It shews us our nothingness, by giving us a glimpse of that immensity of power and understanding that we see displayed in the finite portions of science, which man's limited capacity is permitted to comprehend. Who can contemplate the solar system without admiration? Look at the planets, as they perform their regular annual circles around the sun; they all share, doubtless, equally with our own the attention of the Almighty; yet for what purpose they were created, we cannot tell. On what errand is the comet sent, which is lost in space, and yet returns, true to the calculated appointed time? It is not for us to know; its path is pointed out by that all-powerful God, who directs all things with consummate wisdom, and who, in his bountiful kindness, allows human beings to understand the first rudiments of science to teach them humility, as it plainly tells them that they know nothing. What comparison do you think there will be between the finest music that we have on earth, and the celestial harmony that will delight our souls in heaven? Ah! my dear children, in this, as in astronomy, we have but the very first rudiments of the science. Your education is begun in this world, but its completion is reserved for another, if God give you the grace to reach his kingdom. As our capacities will then be enlarged, I have no doubt but that we shall derive much enjoyment from knowledge, as it will be the cause of increasing our love and adoration for its blessed Author.

Remember above all things, my young readers, *through* life, to make religion your guide—not a

mere professional adoption of it, which is but too common, and which it is very easy to assume; but a practical one, which it is very difficult constantly to pursue. The former consists in adhering to outward forms; in abstaining from those worldly pleasures for which we have no inclination; in talking a great deal, but in doing very little; and in giving to the poor what we can spare without curtailing our own enjoyments. Practical religion requires a conformity to God's ordinances; but it also enjoins a strict compliance with that rule of conduct recommended by our blessed Saviour. We must never hesitate to sacrifice inclination when it is opposed to duty. This is alluded to in the New Testament, under the figure of sacrificing an eye or a hand, if necessary.

It is also your duty to attend diligently to those pursuits to which your parents direct your attention. The performance of minor duties is strongly urged in the gospel of Jesus Christ. The parable of the talents shews the necessity of cultivating abilities; and many parts of Scripture might be produced to testify God's detestation of idleness, disobedience, and other faults to which young people are apt to be inclined.

The life of Hannah More presents a bright example of employing to the best advantage our time and talents. What difficulties she encountered in her endeavours to establish Sunday-schools; and what unwearied perseverance she displayed in effecting her object. You may neither possess her capabilities nor sphere of action; but you may humbly imi*tate her line* of conduct. We all have opportunities

of usefulness, however feeble our powers, or limited our connections: and when diligence is employed in the use of these means, although they may appear trifling, great benefits may result. For instance, we ought to be very circumspect in conduct, not only in consideration of ourselves, but because our example is often influential when we are unconscious of it. We may be joked or even ridiculed for a strict observance of the Sabbath, or for our adherence to any other duty; but if we remain firm in our principles, and state our reasons for their adoption, a conviction of their propriety may induce others to embrace them.

No branch of study is more productive of beneficial effects than history, if properly pursued and correctly applied; for while it communicates the events of past ages, it clearly pourtrays the unhappy condition of the wicked, and demonstrates most awfully the retributive justice of the Almighty, which is so frequently manifested even in this world—doubtless for our admonition.

It is recorded of Bishop Gardiner (who took such an active part in the persecutions that disgraced the reign of Mary), that he was so desirous of receiving information of the precise moment when the sufferings of Ridley and Latimer commenced, that he dispatched a messenger to Oxford for the purpose of bringing him immediate intelligence when the fire actually surrounded them. His cruelty and vindictive feelings caused him to delight in the tortures which he then imagined them to be enduring; forgetful, amidst all his zeal for what he termed true *religion*, that the omnipotence of God could, if he

thought fit, mitigate the agonizing power of the flames, and yet render them the means of removing these venerable men from this transitory world. What can be more despicable than to triumph in the afflictions of others? Are we not commanded to do all the good in our power, even to our enemies? Yet this merciless abettor of Popery, whom Mary had raised to the high rank of Lord Chancellor of England, and who expected to become a Cardinal, was so contemptible as to derive actual pleasure from the martyrdom of those whose only ground of offence was presuming to differ from him in religious opinions. About four o'clock his messenger returned with the tidings, that he had seen the fire blazing which was destined to consume these holy men. Gratified with the communication, Gardiner sat down to dinner with the Duke of Norfolk, who happened to be his guest that day. His delight was now as great as it could be: he would have liked to have been present at the sad spectacle, that he might have feasted his eyes with their sufferings; but this neither his dignity nor his office would permit. But very short was his season of joy. He was taken ill directly after; his disease proved to be a leprosy, attended with dropsy; and he died November 14, 1555, the very day month that Ridley and Latimer suffered. His remorse of conscience was most bitter, and his bodily sufferings excruciating; he confessed the enormity of his sins, but evinced no tokens of repentance, for blasphemies and curses issued from his lips to the last moment of his existence.

We ought to be careful how we attribute the suf-

ferings of mankind as particular visitations of God for their offences, because such conclusions are not justifiable, and we have no right to judge others. Besides, we all well know that God causes adverse events to fall on the righteous as well as the wicked; indeed the former, as we are told in Scripture, are frequently the most afflicted in this world. Yet when God displays in a signal manner his displeasure and consequent judgment, we do well not to let it pass unimproved, as it plainly teaches us that although he is a God of mercy, he is not the less a God of justice.

In short, my dear young friends, if you make the Bible your guide (asking God for his enlightening assistance), it will direct you safely through the mazes of this troublesome and uncertain life, and will conduct you at last to those mansions of everlasting bliss prepared for God's people in Heaven.

So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep.



